MEN ONLY

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

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TWIN PEAKS: HEAVENLY TWINS IN GOO-SPLODGED FOOD ORGY ORDEAL

JUMBO KNOCKERS: THE PSYCHOLOGY OF STUPENDOUS SIZE

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VOLUME 56 NUMBER 6

Publisher **Paul Raymond**; *Editor* **Nevile Player**; *Assistant Editor* **Debbie Raymond**; *Chief Executive & Legal Adviser* **Carl Snitcher**; *Group Art Director* **Jane Holbrey**; *Production Editor* **Karen Malcherczyk**; *Associate Art Editor* **Mark O'Neill**; *Designers* **Pete Ridley, Rowan Grant, Andrew Holland**; *Advertisement Director* **James Macleod**; *Classified Adverts* **Deirdre Doyle**

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Well, it's summer and with Ms. Raymond off in Antigua yet again, for the fifth time this year, all is remarkably peaceful at Raymond Towers. The continual presence of the said Ms. R on the island has led to all sorts of rumours that she owns the place, although she assures us she does not – well, only a large-ish chunk of it actually – and as her presence anywhere generates lots of excitement, we're only too pleased to see the back of her (32-21-36).

Anyone who claims they like excitement, especially of the sort Ms. Raymond produces, has never experienced it, believe me.

CLAIRE 42

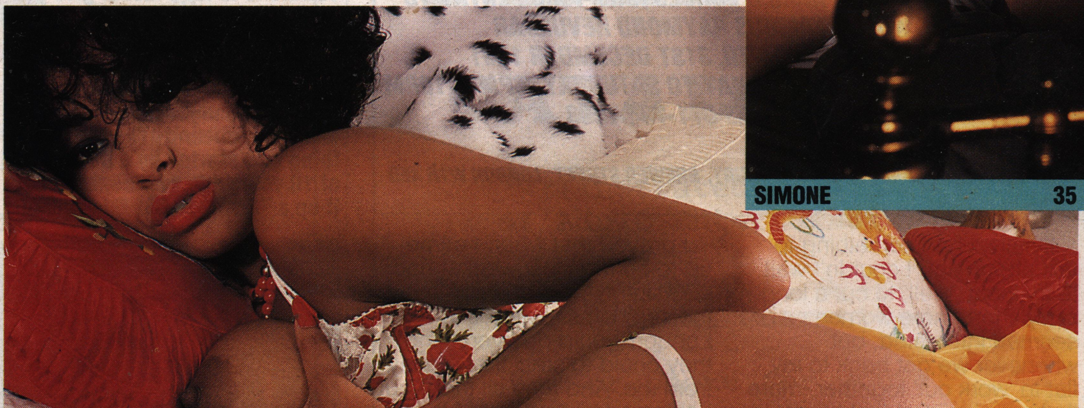
MY CONFESSION 76

And we're quite happy tending the roses in the roof garden, and making sure the gardener doesn't ruin the hollyhocks. Brilliant with roses, McAlistar, but he just doesn't understand hollyhocks at all.

So all is quiet, except for the swish of silk as girls undress in the Editor's office, and the occasional howl of despair as the boy Owl fails yet again to kill the black knight in Dark Castle (the game which kind Mr. Raymond bought £200,000 worth of computers so the arty-farty lot could play).

And the rest of us sunbathe nude on the roof, commenting on

SIMONE 35



CHARMAINE 55

blah!

As no one ever believes anything they read in the letters' column, why not let your hair down and tell us the truth?

Work Out Worry

Sir: I thought it would be a good idea to put on some weight and build myself up a bit to attract more women. You see, the going has been a bit slow in the dating department. I meet women at wine bars. Invariably the chat-up line becomes one of what my hobbies are, and I guess watching snooker and gobbling take-aways doesn't really show my true character.

I reckon girls like to see meat on blokes. So I went out and bought some 'Build Up' which I took for three days straight. Great, I put on weight, but still no hobbies. So I thought I would start working out. I joined a gym near work and every night for two weeks I pumped, pulled, stretched and basically pummelled myself to the peak of fitness.

who left her for another woman. I fizzled, she fizzled. You can imagine the frustration.

So I have taken up a calmer hobby – playing snooker and wearing 501s. Girls love to talk about 501s.

G.B.,
Manchester.

All that work for a pair of jeans? I was going to suggest you take up smoking, telling dirty jokes in a foreign language, and learning how to consume large amounts of wine on £10. That ought to make the girls stop crying in front of you! – Ed.

Country Cunning

Sir: Just because I'm a country boy doesn't mean I'm stupid. I may have horny hands and straw in my hair, but I've got my wits about me – you bet!

REVUEBAR NEWS REVUEBAR NEWS REVUEBAR NEWS

NEWSFLASH

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Finally, I had something to talk about, and I couldn't wait to try it out. Well, to cut a long story short, more women seemed interested, but whenever we got back to my flat to 'work out' together, more than one insisted that I work out literally in front of them. You know, how many chin-ups, how many push-ups, etc. All this after the wine bar became too much.

Finally, I got one girl in the mood, and as soon as we got close to – you know – doing it, she burst into tears and confessed that her last boyfriend was a soccer player

I proved that when I came up to London last week. I had £200 in my pocket and I knew the shameless hussies in London would do everything they could to steal that money from me. And they all tried, but I outsmarted the best of them.

I got a lift on a lorry as far as the outskirts of London and, as I was walking into town, I met this beautiful lady of 40 or so. She was dressed in a long velvet gown and a fur wrap and trying to change the flat tyre on her Porsche. So, being well brought up, I helped her.

continued on page 10

each other's bits and generally mucking around in the Olympic-size swimming pool, or pretending to play tennis on one of the grass courts which have been recently installed and which are responsible for the constant dripping of water through the ceiling.

I'm all for nude sunbathing in the ordinary way, but it can become a bit of an ordeal on the roof of Raymond Towers on account of the fact that the models often come up and join us. Those that are old friends are no trouble; they just ramble along and fall over like the rest of us. But the new ones are a bit on their dignity and tend to flounce and flaunt around the place, wiggling their brown bottoms, wobbling their big tops

GOTCHA

ROCKY 90

and lying around in erotic poses (38-22-36).

Which is all very well, but it raises a great deal of anxiety among the male staff because, although we are all well used to this sort of thing, that doesn't mean we're impervious to it, and the biggest 'no no' at Raymond Towers is to let a model give you an erection.

Every profession has its snobberies, and ours is to be so blasé about a pouting pussy that it leaves us unmoved. Which, of course, it doesn't. The whole thing was started by a Deputy Ed of 10 years ago who couldn't get it up and worked out this way of

presenting it as an advantage.

The silly thing is we all know that, but it doesn't stop the tradition. Or the betting. Which is currently 100-1 that the boy Owl won't last two seconds.

With the result that the whole male staff turns over on its bellies and looks insouciant as Emma struts her stuff and the casual visitor is treated to the ridiculous spectacle of six hairy arses being jacked-up inch by inch upon the forces of nature, with the boy Owl doing no-hand press-ups.

And there we have to stay until the girls go away. Even the yells of the Great Baldoni wandering around trying to find somebody to give a pay cheque to doesn't move us, because you get

JACKIE 28

SUZANNE 20

7

EMMA 13

docked £50 for every inch of tadger you possess in excess of that possessed by the Great Baldoni – which, to be frank, would leave most of us owing him a small fortune.

In fact, it's enough to make us wish for the return of Ms. R and her excitement. Whether it's filling the place with TV crews, insisting a whole magazine is changed in 15 minutes, or throwing photographers down the stairs, there's always something happening where she is. And although it's usually pretty scary, it's probably better than lying face-down pressing your tadger against red hot asphalt, which is our current mode of working.

There is even a tendency to believe we should actually be *doing* something, and one or two of us actually say so, although we've yet to do anything about it. Because, as the man Player says, a day not wasted is a day wasted. And the MP's word is law.

THE DONE THING

utter condomnation

You can never have too many mates. All well and good, unless they're latex, knobbly and stuck in the wrong place – like the oesophagus of your prize Jersey cow. Etiquette? We doubt it.

Summer set lip to earth's bosom bare.
And left the flushed print in a poppy there.
Francis Thompson.

Summer is come. No doubt about it. No sooner does June hove on to the horizon than we're sodden with the stuff. Uttoxeter estate is one 400 acre catchment area for spunk. The streams foam with it, the River Uttox runs gelatinous with it, dying fish struggling pitifully for breath on the surface. What was once a great trout river will soon be dead, only those species that have adapted to the conditions will be left and bang goes the fishery. For sperm whales simply will not rise to a fly.

No sooner does the sun warm their kiss-me-quick hats than *hoi polloi* of England, in its entirety, gets into its Vauxhall Astra and heads into the country to tupp itself rigid on a gentleman's estate. They think they own the place. For them a gentleman's land is all one pubic park designed for their carnal pleasure. Our clover, they think, we place there for their women to be rolled over in, our oats for them to get theirs among, our grain silos to shoot their loads into.

Razor wire, man traps, the Uttoxeter Rottweiler pack and 20 keepers armed with Kalashnikovs control them to some degree, but it is impossible to withstand the mass assault. Already, this early in the year, it is impossible to let off a shot in the woods without plugging six brace of plunging arse, the hay fields are alive with waving legs and loud with grunts and snorts, and even the damn croquet lawn is indented with buttock marks, covered with slime and the grass scorched behind by withering farts.

Something must be done! The countryside of England is being devoured by this plague of lowlusts!

CUNTSERVATION: It must amaze any man of sense that for all the furore about conservation that echos down the corridors of power, no one has taken the obvious step of stopping people fucking. They're all for hindering a gentleman from enjoying the traditional country pursuits – tearing foxes to bits, gassing badgers, beheading mountain bikers and so on – yet they will not go to the root of the problem which is, to be blunt, too many common people. It is simply pressure of plebeians that is destroying the natural world.

Let me appeal to all who interest themselves in conservation to join the effort to stop the lower-classes tupping! Do not deceive yourselves that birth control will serve the purpose. Birth control is, in fact, part of the problem, for the English countryside is dying under a nuclear winter of used condoms!

You think I exaggerate? Maybe, but then people thought Denis Healey exaggerated when he predicted the affair in the Gulf would turn into World War III.

MATE HAIL! The full horror of the problem was brought home to me only the other night when I parked the Range Rover down in Lover's Bottom (the lane alongside the river where most inhabitants of Uttoxeter Magna are conceived and which is the only place where Daisy Lapwinkle, the under housemaid, can truly give herself to the task of sucking a gentleman's pego). After Daisy had proved once again that it is well worth the trouble of driving her there, I buttoned up, started the car and made to drive away. The engine roared, the wheels spun, but we got nowhere. We were absolutely stuck. Four-wheel drive and locking differentials achieved nothing. And no wonder, for when I climbed out to investigate I found myself knee-deep in slimy condoms.

The only way to reach solid ground without fouling one's clothing was to be carried and so, being a gentleman, I allowed Daisy to carry me back to Uttoxeter Towers, from whence I despatched the tractor to haul the car clear.

The banks of Lover's Bottom were once replete with celandines, primroses and wild orchids of the rarer sort. Now nothing grows there under a wobbling mound of Mates.

EWE AND NON-EWE: Bad enough, but in a way it is better when they are deposited in one place. On the uplands, where they are yet only an ankle-deep covering on the ground, they are even more dangerous. For when the wind blows they gather into huge drifts. We have lost many sheep in the condom drifts of Uttoxeter Heights. It is simply impossible to get up there to feed the poor brutes and we find ourselves, in high summer, hiring helicopters to drop hay to the unfortunate beasts.

Uttoxeter Towers is also noted for its rich pasture land and it is here that the condom plague causes the worst problem. For the cows eat one in every clump of grass and our milk is many times rejected

by the factory because it tastes of rubber.

Worse, perhaps, for visitors to Uttoxeter Towers and environs is the fact that our cows' dung is so tightly packed with latex that it bounces when it hits the ground. And goes on bouncing, each time gaining height, until it falls on something resilient enough to deaden the rebound, like an upturned face.

It is impossible to walk through the grounds now, when we turn the cows out, without wearing waders and carrying a stout umbrella. And it is a sad fact that the most patriotic cows in England have already shot down three low-flying aircraft of the RAF.

RUBBERED OUT: For wildlife discarded condoms are a disaster. Birds, for want of other materials, make their nests out of them, with the result that each egg laid immediately bounces out to shatter upon the ground. Worms pull them down into the earth which means that the burrowing species, going about their business, are continually catapulted into the air. Even as I look out of my study window I can see frightened rabbits and angry moles streaking across the sky to land, no doubt, upon the charabanc full of American visitors which has just arrived to view The Towers.

Is it British hospitality to pelt our visitors with furry animals? What a blow to the reputation of our tourist industry, which contributes so much to the economy in the way of invisible earnings. Earnings which patriotic gentlemen like myself put so much effort into keeping invisible, especially from the tax man.

The condom mountain is also a disaster to our food supplies. I know few are bothered by the trials of the farmer these days, but the countryside is the factory which produces your daily needs. Last year six mating couples were caught in our combines, which meant hours wasted at harvest time, not to mention the spoiling of many tons of grain which had to be destroyed since the nosey parkers at the Min. of Ag. will not allow the sale of wheat with a lot of arms and legs mixed in.

Wouldn't even let us sell it in Africa, although I protested that it would make a perfect muesli for cannibals.

FINAL SOLUTION: It is therefore from the highest ecological and economic principals that we egalitarians (English Gentleman's Army of Liberation, Inquisition, Thatcherism, all Rightist Intelluctuals and No Socialists) propose an immediate cessation of sexual activity among the lower orders.

We have worked out the policy in detail.

Giving evidence to the Select Committee on the Environment, I proposed that no one on less that £250,000 a year should be permitted to tupp without a license. And those licensed should be restricted to doing so on stage at the Raymond Revuebar where their excesses would at least serve to amuse anyone who is anyone.

I added that in any form of breeding programme, one allows only the élite to reproduce and it seems nonsense to let any spavined, swaybacked solicitor, doctor or diplomat defile the race by planting his spawn in the green fields of this sceptred isle.

I admit I feared my policy would appear too liberal for a conservative government, but thought it best to appear a little left wing now that chap Major is looking after Ma Thatcher's house while she's on holiday.

Imagine my indignation when they howled me down! Compared me to Hitler! The impudence of it! Likening the last of the Uttoxeters to a vegetarian Austrian with a silly moustache! Indeed, had I not had the foresight to bring with me an agricultural spray unit full of anthrax germs to keep them at bay, I doubt I'd have left the chamber alive.

A democratic government, the spineless arselickers insisted, depended on greasing up to the majority. Which essentially means letting the vulgar mean and stupid do exactly as they like. Never thought of it that way myself. I always thought democracy was about fooling the masses that they had a say so the ruling class could do just what it likes, but I suppose it accounts for the state of the nation either way. We never will have rational government until the Gentleman is back in power, which will be very soon. Our forces are massing. I say no more.

Until that glorious day governments may falter, but the English Gentleman will not. I will not stand by and see indiscriminate tupping destroy the world as we know it. The fucking has to stop! And it will. Already the Uttoxeter Estate is protected by batteries of Patriot heat-seeking missiles which, should anyone dare ungusset an orifice within five miles of them, will instantly stuff a four-inch, unremovable rubber plug up it.

Should put a stopper on it!/ *The Rev. Giles Uttoxeter.*

B R R M . B R R M !

arfur minute guv

You wouldn't believe what the Arfurs of this world can do with a bit of rubber and a torque wrench! If you want your nuts tightening, here's your man!

What is it with these people? The other day your correspondent cruised into the local village, Lower Thigh, to treat the rusty but trusty Wheeltrim motor to her daily fill-up. As you can imagine, it takes quite a while to pump 86 gallons into the tank by hand, but thankfully it's not self-service. For one, it gives Major Greaseworthy, the garage owner, the best workout he's had since Mrs. Greaseworthy insisted on making love to Ravel's *Bolero*, then played it at 45rpm by mistake. For two, I buy more petrol than Luxembourg. And for three, he knows that at the first sign of complaint I'd take my custom to his deadly and sworn enemy, Saddam Oilworthy, with the garage at Upper Thigh further up the road, just before it disappears into the Forest of Hair, as it's known locally.

Anyway, in between Greaseworthy's grunts and mumblings, I usually take the opportunity to check out the rest of the establishment. You know, watching the locals place bets on whether my tank would be full before Greaseworthy's was empty. Or how come he's never sold that Ford 100E he's had in the showroom for so long. It looks a bargain at £10 6s 3d.

So there I was, glancing about, when I saw it. Some poor bugger's car was being treated to a new set of tyres.

Greaseworthy Jnr had placed the unfortunate Fiesta on a lift so the wheels were chest height. With great glee, he loosened the wheel nuts with a giant air spanner that threatened to launch each nut into orbit, then watched with even more glee as each wheel fell three feet to the floor, no doubt waving goodbye to any chance of the wheels ever running true again. My only moment of pleasure was when one of the aforementioned tyres bounced back from whence it had come, not only attempting to place Greaseworthy Jnr's own nuts into orbit, but causing him to fall arse over wheelbrace into the paddling pool they used for finding punctures.

Like I said, what is it with these people?

You know what the problem was? 'Fast Fit' had come to Lower Thigh Garage. The days of trusted craftsmen lavishing the care and attention to detail that our pride and joy deserves are well and truly gone for ever. Nowadays, the only promise we get is that the job will be over and done before you can whip our flexible friend out to pay for it. And if you complain, they've even got the balls to tell you that the labour is free, so what do you want for nothing? Tyre-fitting, exhausts, even servicing, has been turned into the McDonald's of the motoring world. "Two large Michelin burgers, please, with extra brake dust; small fries and a large shake. Don't worry about smashing my wheels to bits, overtightening my wheel nuts so even Rambo couldn't change a puncture on a dark night. Just give it to me NOW."

Not being one to slag anything off without giving an alternative (I'm no politician), here are some ideas for different franchises.

SLOW FIT: Bit obvious, I know, but this franchise would put the serve back into service. You arrive at the garage (none of this depot or service centre rubbish) to be greeted by a forelock-tugging, time-served craftsperson with outdoor hands. She would check the official manuals before laying a finger on your car. It would always be tea break when you walked in, but you would, of course, be offered one in a nice two-tone mug (white on the outside, brown on the inside) with a chipped handle. After tea and a couple of roll-ups, your tyres would be changed with the utmost care and the wheelnuts tightened with computerised torque wrenches to the exact factory spec. Your car would be washed, polished, valeted and any dents and paintwork touched up as a matter of course. The bill would be quoted in guineas, but cash would gain you a discount.

BAD FIT: Can't help wondering if the sign would attract many customers, but it may be worth a try, if only for the advertising. With four likely geezers prancing about the premises singing, *There's No Fitter Sadder Than A BAD FIT Fitter,* they would promise to fit the wrong tyre to the wrong wheel, with the wrong machine, the wrong nuts and the wrong level of tightness. But, by golly, it would be quick.

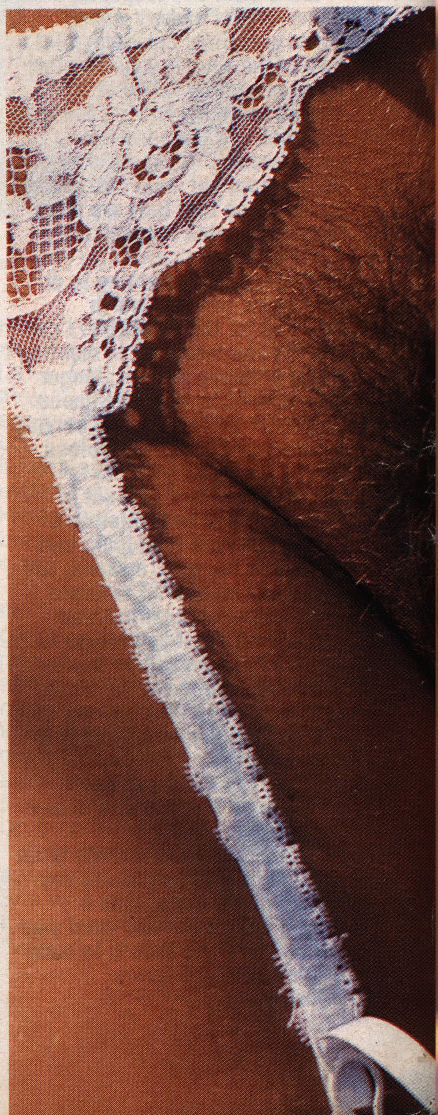
LOOSE FIT: A special kind of service for owners whose wives give them too much grief. Two of the wheels would be left loose enough to let go at the crucial moment, leaving you with no worries in the earache department. Prices would be a little steep, but most customers would agree that they are more than reasonable for such a worthwhile service.

TIGHT FIT: Nothing to do with tyres, but well worth applying for the franchise. I can see the sign now, not to mention a line of happy punters, longer than a Moscow cabbage queue.

KEEP FIT: A special service for the more health-conscious among us. While your car is being treated to a new set of tyres, you will be treated to a quick run round the block, half an hour in the gym, a sauna, full facial and an hour of aerobics, callanetics, aeronautics and whatalunatics. If you refuse to pay the bill, you will be treated to another run round the block, but this time in the company of five hungry Dobermans. Or is it Dobermen?

UN-FIT: What you can't afford to be if you refuse to pay the bill. See above.

FIT FOR NOTHING: What you will be if you refuse to pay and can't run faster than a hungry Doberman. And what your car will be if you take it to most of the above./*Mortimer Wheeltrim.*



There's been much debate recently as to whether this section is morally defensible. Is it right and proper for our photographers to skulk in the undergrowth of public places in the hope that some unsuspecting nubile nymphette might happen along and carelessly forget the basic essentials of correct dress and behaviour? Can we really justify such underhand methods of obtaining artfully-framed, tasteful pictures of curvaceous bottoms, taut yearning thighs and neatly-trimmed pubes? Can we genuinely have the right to publish such intimate and revealing studies of young ladies' bodies sheathed in crisp clean wisps of beguiling white nylon? After much deliberation and careful study of these pics in question, we decided that – bugger it, we can! mg

blah!

continued from page 4

She seemed very grateful and took me to her flat where, she said, she'd be able to thank me properly. I hoped for a good feed, I must confess, because it was six o'clock – the time I usually have supper. But when we got into her elegant apartment, she put her arms around me, put my hands on her big breasts and started to kiss me, saying I should learn how a countess pays her debts.

Well, I knew she was after my money! So I pushed her away, told her in no uncertain terms that it was my time of the month, and intercourse was impossible.

The butler kicked me out into the street right in front of another beautiful young woman, walking her Pekinese. She took pity on me, helped to stop the bleeding and took me to her house to bandage me – or so she said. But no sooner were we there than she opened my fly and started to play with my cock, begging me to get out of my clothes so we could make love.

Well, I knew what she was after. My money! As soon as I took my clothes off she'd be away through the door with them, cash and all. So I zipped up my fly and ran out into the street.

She followed me closely – well, what else could she do with her finger stuck in my zip? But I tore myself free and entered a house where a party was in progress. There I met a truly wonderful young girl of 21 who was wearing wonderful jewels and a big tiara. She was kind to me and helped me get the false fingernails out of my zip. She took me to her bedroom to find me some bandages, but I knew she would soon start trying to get me out of my clothes so she could steal my money.

But I have to say that it was now about 8 o'clock – about the time I usually have a fuck – so I didn't want to turn her down. But I had to take care of my cash. So I went to the toilet and, rolling the money up inside a condom, I hid it up my arse! What cunning. I could screw this lady all I liked and she couldn't get at my money.

And so it happened. She undressed me and we fucked like crazy. But I don't think she was after my money, actually.

She asked me to stay the night and took me out to a restaurant. Oh, the food was

continued on page 94

P O T R Y   C O R N E R

whose loin anyway

More salient verse from the only man in Britain still sober enough by 10.30 on a Friday night to remember what's on TV, or even care about it.

*"You're soaked through, immense Mike McShane!
Can it be you've been out in the rain?"
"Not at all," answered he.
"I've just shagged Rusty Lee –
The waterbed broke with the strain."*

*Our Ms. Lawrence (do please call her Josie)
Once got sloshed on that Mateus rosé.
She curled up in a quilt
With a man in a kilt
And murmured: "Hic! – Isn't this cosy?"*

*It has come to my ears that John Sessions
Commits sundry weird indiscretions
With gerbils and nuns,
Luton Town, sticky buns . . .
You want more? Better read* True Confessions.

*He's so lecherous, young Tony Slattery.
I'll bet he's a bit of a satyr, eh?
This improvisator
's a walking vibrator
With built-in rechargeable battery.*

*Mr. Anderson, boss of the games,
Has the vilest of all Christian names.
Better dead, than alive
With the monicker 'Clive' –
Christ! You might get mistook for Clive James!*

*That diminutive belle, Sandi Toksvig
Comes of pure Scandinavian stocksvig.
Nights out with Vikings
Are much to her likings.
(They've got such gargantuan cocksvig.)*

*I've known many wallies and schnooks –
John Gummers, Dan Quayles, Robin Cooks –
So I'm perfectly certain
There's no way Paul Merton
Can be half as thick as he looks.*

*Oh, how I love improvisation!
It's more fun than old masturbation.
Ah, to play it by ear!
For many a year
That's how Maggie and John ran the nation.*

M E D I A M A N I A

needle the beagle

Should Jeremy Beagle be buried up to his neck in his own thingies and left there to rot? We present the evidence that says: "Yeuk."

As any reader old enough to be unsullied by acne vulgaris will know, there once existed something known as the Great British Saturday Night, when entertainment didn't involve the ingestion of fizzy yellow fart-inducing beverages, consumption of salmonella extracts wrapped in pitta bread and the staging of a mini-riot with the local constabulary after closing time. This Saturday night was a cosy affair: sitting by the fireside with one's conjugal partner, your mind fondly fast-forwarding to *coital* bliss some time around midnight, and TV that was actually bearable to watch: *The Generation Game, Morecombe and Wise, Parkinson,* all neatly wrapped up with *Match of the Day* – that great pre-sexual lubricant – at 10.30.

Ah, halcyon days . . .

Nowadays, Saturday night TV contains all the fun-filled promise of a fondue soirée in Saddam Hussein's bunker, the screens filled with 'entertainment' that would have difficulty engaging the attention span of your average pygmy shrew. Gone are the artistes of yore, replaced by such hideous mutations as Cilla Black, Paul Daniels, Roy 'who the heck he?' Walker and the grotesque horseman of the apocalypse himself, Jeremy Beadle – all of whom, I'm sure, have paid their dues and love their mothers, but all of whom could only benefit from a direct hit from a Scud missile loaded with batshit.

Let's start at the bottom of the barrel. Come to think of it, let's leave Beadle for later and concentrate on *Blind Date* – a show that presents one of the best cases for mass emigration ever to make the ratings' Top 10. The basic premise is 'romance', with Cilla 'lorra vitamin therapy' Black playing matchmaker to a clutch of brain-dead rejects from zit-remover ads. If this is the crème de la crème of our nation's youth, then Allah help us in the future. *Blind Date* has to be the biggest load of bovine excreta going, as no one's interested in 'romance' at all. We don't want to know whether our happy couple found *lurvvv.* We simply want to know: Did They Get Their Rocks Off? The subtext of the show is so obvious that the questioning really should go along the lines of: "Number Three: If I told you I was prone to raucous fanny-farts while shagging, would you still give me one?"

This show is in urgent need of a revamp. A good start would be banning the legions of insufferable chirpy Scousers who appear every week and insist on demonstrating their singing 'talents'. As a refugee from chip-butty land, it shames me to think that the city which gave us the Beatles, the Liver Birds, Bill Shankly's Red Army, and Degsy Hatton's dodgy accountancy scheme, should be thus represented. *Blind Date* stands as living proof that anything the Yanks can do, we can do far tackier. And if you want tack, take a look at Cilla Black – the only woman with a clothing contract from oven-wrap Bacofoil.

Tackier? Well, ITV surpass even their mediocre standards with *Catchphrase,* a banality extravaganza hosted by Roy Walker, an alleged comic who resembles a man ruined by years of masturbation. For the uninitiated, *Catchphrase* involves a pair of morose citizens trying to surmise the phrase suggested by a supremely dire computer graphic drawn by someone with the artistic panache of an all-in wrestler – e.g. a penis atop a bloodstained cranium might suggest the saying 'bleeding dickhead', and so on. Such an example is a tad

sophisticated, but you get the picture, which is more than the contestants ever do, they being the kind of people who move their lips while reading the *Daily Star*.

Naturally, you always have the option of switching to Beeb One where Jimmy 'what is style?' Savile is still fulfilling the dreams of OAPs with a yen to be topless go-go dancers or sinister prepubescent brats who possess a ghoulish desire to dynamite disused power stations. In any other culture, weird fantasies such as these would warrant psychiatric treatment; in Britain, we put them on primetime television.

And so the nightmare continues with *'Allo 'Allo* – a series that makes *Carry On* movies seem to be finely-crafted satirical works with poignant social commentary. It's basically *Are You Being Served?* dressed up in a crappy French accent, with jokes so tired a lorryload of amphetamines couldn't resuscitate them. I enjoy genital humour as much as the next five-year-old, but there are only so many laughs to be extracted from words like 'willy', 'bum' and 'Hartlepool United Football Club'. Having once written the coverlines for *Men Only, I* should know.

After 30 minutes of dumb gags concerning suggestively-shaped bratwurst and the bowel functions of the elderly, can we expect some relief? Can we buggery. Yes, it's Paul Daniels and His Amazing Vanishing Toupé Show. As a magician, *Sooty* is more riveting, with more charisma and Sooty doesn't remind one of a Pot Noodle: poor taste, plastic and liable to induce vomiting upon exposure. My theory concerning Paul Daniels is that the only reason he still gets work is that the rival attraction on ITV at that time invariably involves the man who is to mirth and merriment what the Black Death was to 14th century intercontinental travel.

I have seen the pestilent pit of hell, and its gatekeeper is Jeremy Beadle. This man must be an inspiration to any sociopathically-inclined moron who ever harboured dreams of better things; living proof that the fact you possess all the charm and allure of a sexually transmitted disease need not necessarily be a handicap. His shows actually succeed where all others fail: they manage to insult the intelligence of the lowest common denominator. Beadle has built a career on the sadistic assumption that people want nothing more than to appear before millions making a complete c-u-n-t of themselves. Worse, his theory seems to hold water. Beadle is massive ratings, all of them presumably chuckling at the woes of his pathetic victims. These dupes I cannot believe. If you arrived home to find your furniture on the pavement, belligerent drunks in the broom cupboard, and the cat neatly roasting on gas mark six, would you guffaw with mirth when Beadle rips off his tacky disguise and thrusts a microphone under your nose? Or, rather, would you be sorely tempted to jam that microphone in a place where the sun don't shine, as psychotic rage takes hold and you dismember the smug bastard? Game for a laugh *now*, eh, Jezza? I only hope that one day my dream will come true and Beadle will play a merry jape on a 6ft.10in, 18-stone Ninja schizoid with swift access to a Kalashnikov AK47. Anything, as long as he is stopped – an even more pressing task now that he has defiled the once-tranquil pastures of Sunday nights with his gruesome *You've Been Framed,* in which families are invited to send in amusing home videos of themselves – something which must scare the shit out of those couples who record their most intimate moments on camcorder, and who have enterprising offspring just *sure* Mummy and Daddy would look great on the telly.

With class entertainment like this, is it any wonder Saturday nights down the local put one in mind of a Club 18-30 excursion to Beirut? Times were better when, with a fish and chip supper on your lap, you'd hear the immortal words: "From Norwich, it's the quiz of the week!"

Ah, yes, *Sale of the Century,* good old Nicholas Parsons and the chance to win an Austin 7 with a complimentary teasmaid thrown in. They were innocent times – when Dick Emery was actually funny; when Benny Hill could say 'taramasalata' and make it sound like an obscure sexual deviation; when Anthea Redfern's boobs did a twirl each week, and Emu tried to rip off Michael Parkinson's goolies on a regular basis. You felt a warm, comforting glow; you went to bed of a Saturday night in cheery mood and bonked your brains out. Who can honestly say they feel like a bit of the other after *The Price Is Right?* No wonder there's a population decline, especially when Saturday night has become the domain of the lager lout, the botulism kebab and the obligatory chunder at the foot of the garden path.

Well, it's either that, or watch TV . . ./*Howard Lake.*

M O N S T E R M I N D

going to blazers

G&T? BMW? Des Res? More 'K' p.a. than IQ? A special *Monstermind* for everyone who ever wound up in a bar without any clear idea of how they got there, but didn't leave anyway.

Smugnuss Smugnusson: And our next contestant is Mr. Ian Tee . . .

Mr. Tee: Did you say G and T? I don't mind if I do!

Smugnuss: Mr. Tee is a freelance tincture analyst and old enough to remember ITMA, the well-known war-time comedy show.

Mrs. Mopp: Can I do you now, sir? (Wild applause.)

Smugnuss: Get out of here, madam! You've got a nasty phrase and it may be catching. Where was I? Oh yes, Mr. Tee scored 14 points in the General Knowledge section of the quiz, which was very good for someone who appears to be shit-faced drunk. Please stop spinning around on the famous black chair, Mr. Tee. May I remind you, this is *Monstermind* and we expect our competitors to be brainy and sober.

Mr. Tee: Did you say brandy and soda? I don't mind if I do.

Smugnuss: Would you please concentrate on answering questions about your specialist subject, which is?

Mr. Tee: Surrey saloon bar conversation from: "Look what the cat's dragged in," to, "not if I see you first."

Smugnuss: Correct. Mr. Tee, you have two minutes to answer questions on your specialist subject starting . . . NOW!

Q: On entering the saloon bar of a Surrey pub, what is the first sound you hear?

A: The landlord yelling: "Out, you. You're barred!"

Q: Wrong.

A: Well, that's what I hear.

Q: No doubt, but the answer on the card is: 'The babble of conversation'.

A: You meant, what does one hear? My answer was correct! Un point, s'il vous plate, old bean.

Q: Oh, very well. From a distance, what does it sound as if the customers are saying?

A: Sounds as if they're all saying: "BAH HAH, BAH HAH!"

Q: Correct. What are they really saying?

A: Actually, a lot of them do stand around all night saying: "BAH HAH!" They are paid

to do it by the brewers . . .

Q: Why are they paid to make this racket?

A: Good for trade. You've got to get really drunk to stand the row.

Q: Correct. But not all the customers are making sheep noises. What, for example, is the bald-headed chap wearing the RAF blazer and yellow cravat saying to his friends at the corner table?

A: He's saying: "Of course I've got an instinct for property prices. I managed to sell right at the top of the market. £300K and it wasn't worth three-quarters of that three months after they moved in! Chap was in tears at the golf club . . ."

Q: Correct.

A: ". . . but I said, 'all's fair in love and walls', I said, 'tough titty, old chap'. Bought my present place for a song. A palace! And no mortgage, of course . . ."

Q: I said correct!

A: ". . . had to slip a mini bribette to the surveyor and see the agent all right, but it all comes down to the nose in the end. Got to have a nose for it. Your round, I think."

Q: I've said correct, twice, and you are going on and on.

A: He goes on and on!

Q: Correct. And his friend, the chap in the flat cap and tweed jacket. Is he agreeing with all that singularly tedious tide of boastful, self-congratulation?

A: No, he's talking about high-performance sports cars, actually.

Q: Correct. So these men who appear so deep in conversation are not actually conversing?

A: No, they can't hear each other speak for the BAH-HAHING. That's the beauty of the saloon bar, you can talk about whatever you want and no one disagrees.

Q: Correct. But there is one thing one just does not say in a Surrey saloon bar, isn't there? What is it?

A: Pass.

Q: "Look at those chaps at the corner table, they're talking in turn, nodding and slapping each other on the back. They must hear something."

A: No, you lip read in a saloon bar. Well, you can see when the other chap stops flapping his mouth, anyway, then you jump in with a pithy motto and he nods.

Q: Correct. How might two men hold a conversation about two different subjects?

A: Easy, I'll give you an example:

Blazer: A little bijou cottagette in Weybridge, threw it up in a week, artificially aged beams, even invented a ghost and what do you think it fetched, eh?

Tweed Jacket: Oh, 25 thousand BHP at least, I'd say. I could have got more . . .

Blazer: 25 thou! You've got to be joking, old chap. Two hundred

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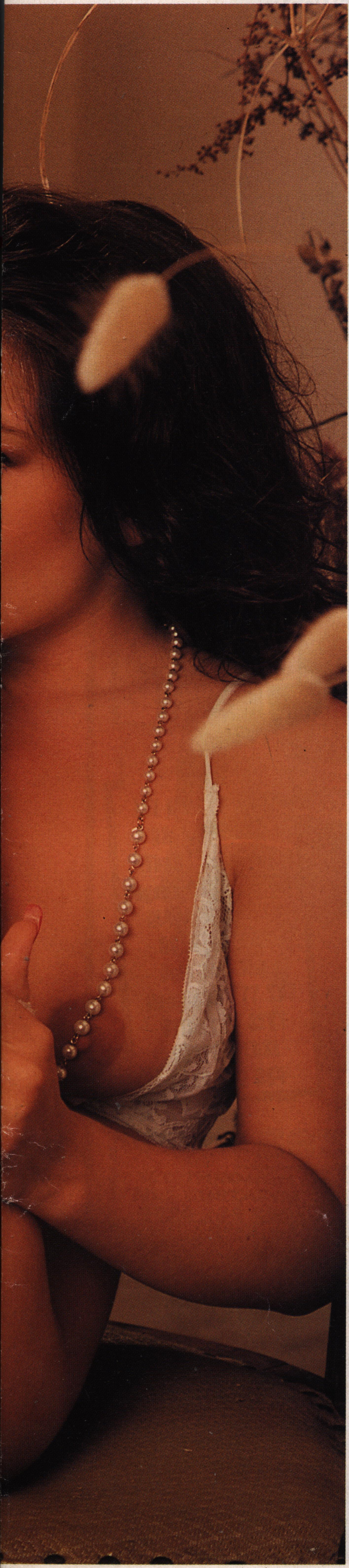
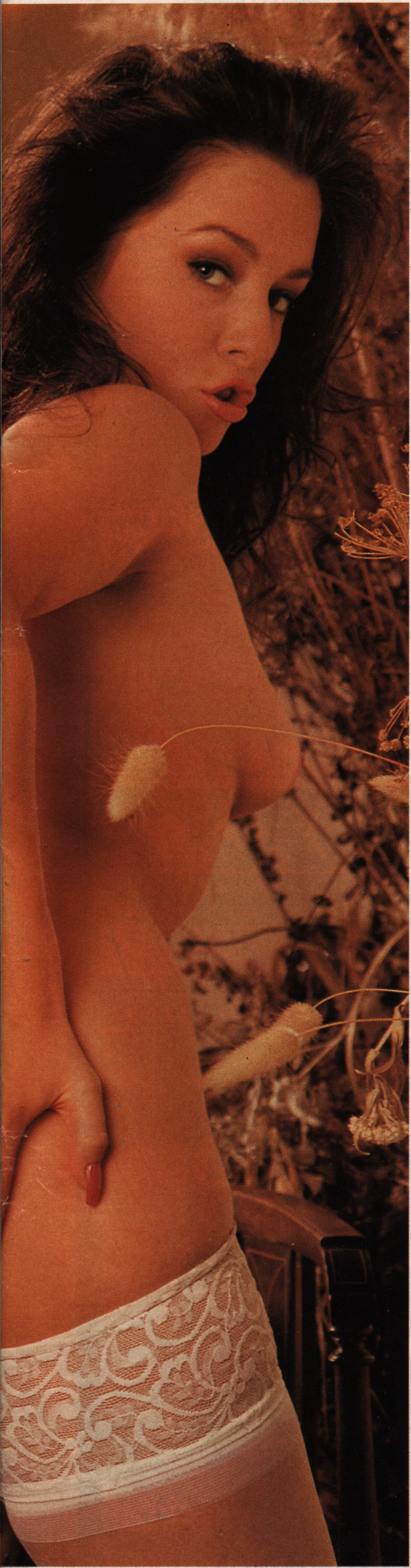
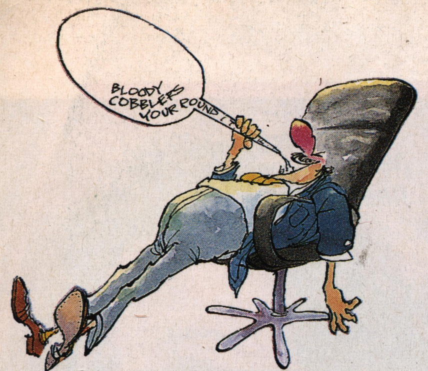
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH MEDLAND

We're usually pretty liberal about these things. Each to his own, and all that sort of thing. One man's meat is another man's poison, and so forth. But in this case I have to say that if you aren't blown away by Emma, then we'll never speak to you again (at least certain persons in the arty-farty department won't, and you may not feel you'll be missing all that much).

Emma is the shape of 1991 for the incredibly trendy with funny hair-do's and no taste in music. She stops the traffic in Piccadilly – at least she will if the boy Owl does as he threatens and throws himself under a bus if she won't notice him. And I have to say that even for those of us older and wiser, a fun and friendly girl with Emma's looks and bits is worth looking after. Which is why the boy Owl doesn't stand a chance (33-22-36-on).

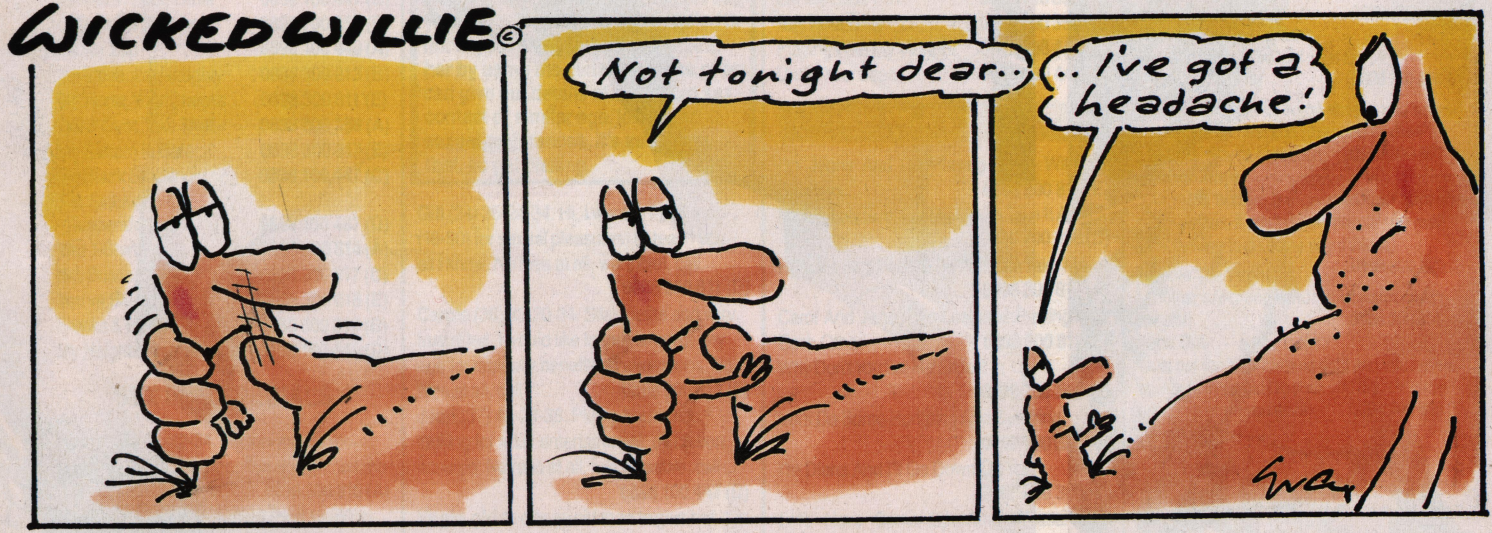






continued from page 13

and fifty thou, maybe . . .
Tweed Jacket: ***Oh, you'd get more out of her with the turbo charger cutting in at lower revs. But I always de-tune the second car. Last time I let the wife loose with a turbo charger tuned up she took off and the car landed in Calais. She was unhurt, luckily. Fell out over Godalming and ended up stark naked in the bedroom of a Mr. Gloop. At least, that's she she told Mrs. Gloop when she came home unexpectedly . . .***
Blazer: ***I don't know about Calais, but French property is definitely the place to be these days . . .***
Q: Correct.
A: . . . **Tweed Jacket:** ***Nonsense, I'd leave it for dead in the Bentley Turbo!***
Q: Correct. In that last remark about the Bentley, what has our friend neglected to tell his interlocutor?
A: That he doesn't own a Bentley.
Q: Wrong. He owns a Bentley. What he doesn't own is a driving licence.
A: Of course!
Q: That third chap with them, the man in the mac, he doesn't say much, but when he speaks he gets their attention instantly. What is he called?
A: He's what we call the Fourth Man.
Q: Correct. Why does he get that name when there are only three of them?
A: He's the one that says: "Four-thuck'sakelookattheknockersonthat!"
Q: Correct. They all come together when talking about sex, then?
A: Well, not exactly together. Blazer suffers rather badly from the prems, you know.
Q: Correct. What is Blazer saying now about the young woman with the large bust and the mini pussy pelmet which cannot disguise the fact that she's got her panties in a cleft stick?
A: He's saying: "Now that's what I call a desirable property. Wouldn't mind taking out a 75 per cent mortgage at 20 per cent to get a leg over her!"
Q: And does Tweed Jacket agree?
A: Not really. He reckons the suspension's a bit sloppy and the thrust box is definitely worn our, but is of the opinion that if you put in a new con rode with a big end she'd go like a bomb.
Q: Correct. And the other chap, the big man in the bomber jacket who's holding them up by their ties and knocking their heads together: what is his contribution to the discussion?
A: He's saying: "Is that my bird you're talking about, then?"
Q: To which they reply?
A: "What us? Never!"
Q: And he replies?
A: "Oh, so you don't think she's sexy, then, that right?"
Q: Correct. What is Blazer saying now?
A: "Aaaargh!"
Q: Correct. And Tweed Jacket?
A: "Help, police!"
Q: Correct. They're getting beaten up. Why isn't anyone helping them?
A: That's because most of the people standing around saying "BAH HAH!" are actually robots.
Q: I always suspected it. But surely . . . I've started so I'll finish . . . surely they're not going to stand by while they get their faces kicked in?
A: Did you say brandy and Benedictine? I don't mind if I do.
Smugnuss: Correct. Mr. Tee, you have scored 19 points. You passed on one question: The one thing that is never, *ever* said in a Surrey saloon bar is: "My round." Can we have the next contestant, please?/*Tym Manley.*



Q U I Z Z L E

titus the newt

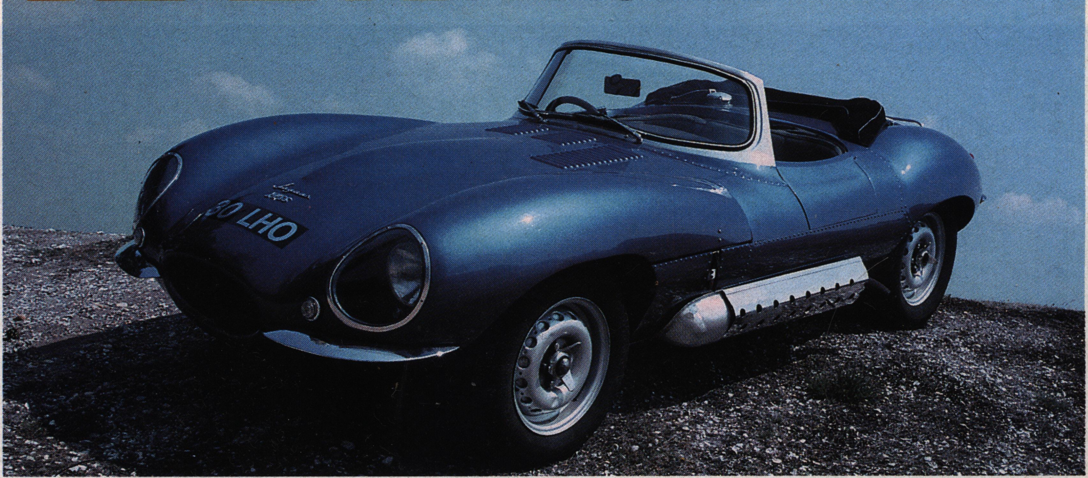
Know about drinking? Test your knowledge against the man who is to the kidney donorship campaign what Megadeath are to the world of the string quartet.

1. ***As sober as:***
a) A Saudi-Arabian diplomat?
b) A pregnant nun?
c) A salesman demonstrating a DIY-circumcision kit?
d) A paraplegic in a Perrier factory?
e) A Scotsman's drinking partner?

2. ***Do you think Britain's alcohol output should be doubled by:***
a) Distributing free home-brewing kits to every household in the country?
b) Putting the distillery industry on a 14-day week?
c) Hiding the storage room keys from Britain's brewery workers?
d) Wringing George Best's liver out over a bucket every night?
e) 7.45 tonight?

3. ***Is the patron saint of drinkers:***
a) Alec Guinness?
b) Jasper Claret?
c) Dame Edna Beverage?
d) Bloody Mary Whitehouse?

RAM wham



e) Drunken Goodhew?

4. *Is South American wine made by:*
a) Poor homeless peasants treading on plump rich grapes?
b) Plump rich grape-growers treading on poor homeless peasants?
c) Vulcanisation?
d) Mixing three parts of vinegar together with seven parts of anti-freeze inside an old colostomy bag?
e) Training llamas to pee in little bottles?

On the chest of a barmaid in Sale
Was tattooed the prices of ale.
And on her behind,
For the sake of the blind,
Was the same information in Braille.

5. *Would you like the barmaid in your pub to put her beer prices:*
a) To the back of her mind?
b) In a state of limbo for the next 20 years?
c) Out of sight?
d) In a letter addressed to the Office of Fair Trading?
e) Up the landlord's posterior?

6. *Is low-alcohol lager:*
a) Something you can drink as much of as you like without noticeably affecting your taste buds?
b) Something you'd only consider drinking after running out of beer, wine, whisky, Lucozade, Horlicks, Domestos, silver-polish, and sanity?
c) So weak that, after 15 pints, the only confusion you experience is over why you bothered to buy the stuff in the first place?
d) As useful as a fire alarm to a goldfish?
e) As close as man will ever come to synthesising the end product of gnat metabolism?

7. *Recently returned from your sponsored jog through the Sahara in a frogman's suit, you are picking your way to the bar for a celebratory glass of Ribena, when you accidentally nudge the elbow of a large Scotsman, sending three teardrops of his large whisky crashing to the floor. Are the words most likely to guarantee your continued existence as a viable life-form:*
a) "Have another."?
b) "Have a £5,000 cheque and a banker's card."?
c) "I'll pose naked in a vat of liquidised haggis for the centrefold of *Sporran Fondlers' Monthly*."?
d) "My grandmother is a direct descendant of Bonnie Prince Charlie's kilt-cleaner, my great-grandfather's cousin lent Robbie Burns his pencils, my great-great aunty's dog wrote the words

continued on page 27

The XKSS was a road-equipped version of the 'D' type Jaguar which won the 'Le Mans' race in 1955, 1956 and 1957. in that year a road-equipped 'D' type called the XKSS was shipped to New York as a demonstrator. When sales started the price was a mere 5,600 dollars.

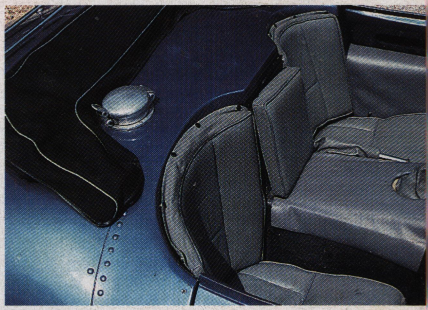
The XKSS was mechanically the same as the 'D' type, making a ridiculously fast road-going sports car. The cosmetic changes were wrap-around windscreen, doors, side screens and fold down hood. A chrome luggage rack was provided as there was no space inside, and chrome protection panel was fitted round the exhaust on the side of the body but no silencer.

The conversion of 'D' types to XKSS's came to an abrupt end on the evening of 12th Febuary 1957, when the north end of the Jaguar factory caught fire and destroyed most of the Jaguar production line and 300 Jaguar saloon and sports cars were destroyed. After the factory fire no more XKSS sports cars were built. The final production figure was only 16, of which 12 had been delivered to North America.

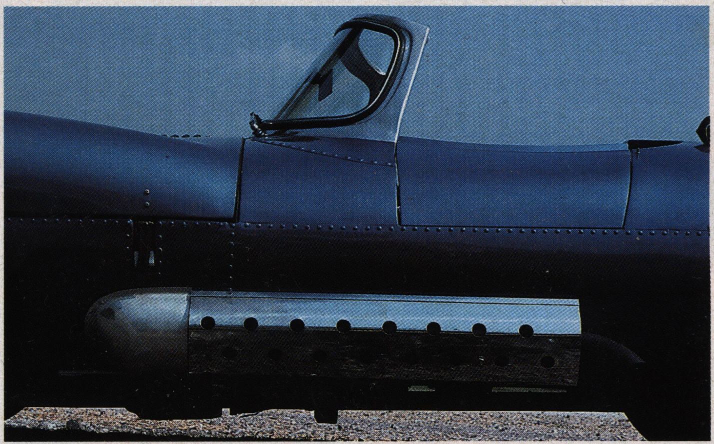
The XKSS had impressive performance, 0-100mph in 14.4 seconds with a 145mph top speed. This performance and rarity has made the car very collectable. Today the original cars are worth up to $5million.

L.R. Roadsters now produce a Jaguar-based replica of the XKSS that is visually accurate and can be yours for around £30,000. The price of new or reconditioned Jaguar six-cylinder running gear is very reasonable and of good quality.

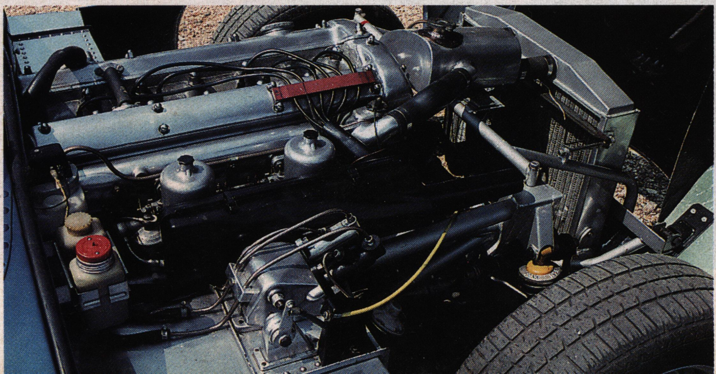
The backbone space- framed chassis is designed by the motor racing manufacturer Raynard Racing. The body is made of high-quality fibre-glass skinned in strategic places with steel bracing.

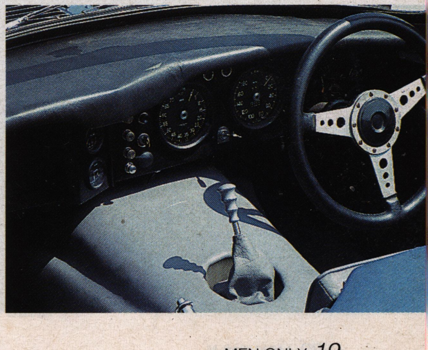


Jaguar front and rear suspension from XJ Jaguar saloon is used. The engine option includes all Jaguar six-cylinder twin cams from 2.8 litres up to 4.2 litres with 250 bhp. The standard gearbox is the four-speed manual Jaguar with overdrive. Options include the Borg Warner Automatic or manual five-speed Getrag gearbox. The excellent brakes are Dunlop disc fitted all round. Fitted to the car in the photographs, but optional, are the reproduction Dunlop alloy wheels, which give the final touch of an authentic replica. The LM/SS has a stainless steel fuel tank that holds 15 imperial gallons, which helps give more luggage space than the XKSS, as that had a massive 37-gallon tank. The handling and roadholding with modern springs and shock absorbers is as good as any present day sports car, plus being nicer to drive and rarer than any Ferrari or Porsche equivalent.



For more information about the RAM LM/SS, write to: L.R. Roadsters, Unit 1 & 2, Studlands Park Industrial Estate, Newmarket, Suffolk.





SUZANNE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH MEDLAND

It's grim up North – or so everyone that side of Watford Gap likes to tell us, although we strongly suspect it's because they don't want us lot up there fouling up their scads of great countryside, drinking their beer and running off with their ladies (38-22-36). I mean, anyone who invites you up for a dinner of black pudding, bulls' pizzle and tripe has got to be trying to put you off, right? And we're not stupid – we know you don't have to run through the streets, naked but for a flat cap and clogs, with whippets snapping at your arse, for a start. And that all this blunt northern speech is just an excuse for being bloody rude and telling southerners to bugger off back where they came from. The reason for it being that the North – or Cleveland, at least – is peopled by girls like Suzanne (39-22-37-the stock market went up a point while I was writing), and those greedy sods want them all to themselves.

Well, tough! We've attracted Suzanne down South and we're coming back for more. In a couple of years we'll have them all down here. Then it really *will* be grim up North!

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SP17

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to *Auld Lang Syne*, my first cousin twice-removed founded the Free Sons Of Blairgowrie Bagpipe-An-Englishman-To-Death Liberation Movement, my sister killed a taxman in a hit-and-run accident, my godmother's niece's husband won special honours at the Highland Games when he tossed the caber on to the head of a charity street-collector, my mother played prop forward for Dunoon Academicals, my father was an Aberdeen Angus, my middle name's Jimmy, and I work as an undercover char at Westminster Abbey, smuggling home the Stone Of Scone piece by piece inside my cleaning-bag."?

e) "I know where your next-door-neighbour hides his money."?

8. Is the theme song of drinkers:

a) All I Want Is A Rum Somewhere?
b) My Sherry Amour?
c) Singing The Booze?
d) Juleps From Amsterdam?
e) What's It All About, Alkie?

9. Acting on the magistrate's advice that you belong behind bars, you take a job serving drinks in your local pub. You've barely struggled into the customary pair of hypodermic jeans, and unbuttoned your blouse to the small intestine, when a customer asks for a little stiff one. Do you give him:

a) A single measure of strong spirits?
b) A dead dwarf?
c) Napoleon's embalmed reproductive organ?
d) An arthritic person from Japan?
e) A glimpse at the centrefold in *Sporran Fondlers' Monthly*?

10. As drunk as:

a) A Saudi-Arabian diplomat on his day off?
b) A *Guardian* proof-reader?
c) A kamikaze bomb-disposal expert?
d) A frog in a leaky wine cellar?
e) Oliver Reed's dentician?

How did you score

a50 b10 c100 d0 e200

0 *Bet you don't drink Carling Black Label.*
10-100 *Your score and the average milligrams of blood in your alcohol-stream.*
110-200 *Describing you as careful with alcohol is like calling Hitler a tourist. You eschew spirits, don't drink beer, and never go within 50 yards of wines, liqueurs or cocktails. In fact, your drinking habits are a shining example to young and old alike. 'Course, this could all change when you get out of gaol.*
210-300 *You're not too well up on booze. You think hops are things posh hospitals carry out, and the only time drink has you on your knees is when you're picking up the milk bottles off your doorstep. To broaden your knowledge of alcohol, gain experience of life in Britain's pubs, and witness human nature red in tooth and nose, you should volunteer for an Open University course in anti-social sciences and alcohol abuse. Well, either that, or join the Editor for lunch one day.*
310-400 *Animated, lively, vigorous. Whatever you drink, it obviously refreshes the prats other beers can't reach.*
410-500 *You are to alcohol what black holes are to the Starship Enterprise. You've picked up more shorts than Tottenham Hotspur's laundry van, and you're so full of brandy, you should be hanging round a Saint Bernard's neck. But you're not entirely useless – the Alcoholic Leech Society has chosen you as the venue for its annual dinner this year, and National Power wants to set up a hydroelectric plant in your throat.*
510-600 *You're under the impression that spirit consumption is a ghost with TB, you think temperance is the decimal equivalent of two shillings, and your idea of sobriety is being able to stand up without a winch and half a dozen tent-pegs. One wouldn't say you drink too much beer, but dare-devils are queueing up to go down your urine stream in a barrel.*
610-700 *You drink large and frequent quantities of alcohol; you stand nine feet tall; you weigh 250 pounds; and you have a tendency to turn into human mulch anyone who won't serve you a drink. In short, you're a quaffer no one can refuse.*
710-800 *In medico-alcohol terms, you're what's known as a bar-room invalid – you have difficulty getting a round.*
810-900 *After your long years of dedicated practice, you've been selected to represent Britain in the Olympic Weaving Your Way Home Between Lampposts competition. Take the car; it's a motorised event.*
910-1000 *You'd be completely teetotal – if you didn't drink like a fish. Good to see you're doing your bit for the Save The Pink Elephant Campaign, by the way. Still, who'd expect anything less from a founder member of Alcoholics Unanimous?*
1010-1100 *There's a simple explanation for your high score. As someone who spends his entire waking life seeing double, you've been answering each question twice. For a more realistic perspective, halve your score, or your alcohol intake.*
1110-1200 *Great news! Distillers has launched a takeover bid for your kidneys.*
1210-1400 *You're the kind of person who believes reality is an illusion caused by lack of alcohol. You use beermats as elbow patches. And you spend so much time in the pub, people are beginning to think you're auditioning for* Cheers. *You must observe far stricter limitations on your alcohol intake – you know, disconnect the gin-and-tonic drip-feed, only drink while you're awake, that sort of thing. Oh, and send us a bottled sample of your breath; we could probably pickle a few onions in it.*
1410-1600 *Very impressive! Now try doing it again without holding on to the floor.*
1610-1800 *The epitome of abstemious moral rectitude. You're the sort of person who dilutes Perrier water, and chains himself to the railings outside sweet shops that sell wine-gums. Your utter rejection of strong drink is remarkable, your will-power amazing, and your principles make Hare Krishna priests look like estate agents with bells on. You have, in essence, met with such success in your unique crusade against alcohol in all its abhorrent forms that celebrations are undoubtedly called for. Go and have a drink.*
1800-2000 *Probably the best lager lout in the world.*

B O O K   C O L U M N

soggy the chunks

Sagas both torrid and turgid chewed, digested and spat out on the rug in soggy chunks by our resident literature critic – i.e. the one with the degree who knows what 'onomatapaeic' means.

Do people still read hardbacks? More especially, do they buy them? For a while back there, I was inclined to doubt it. Size and price alone have, for some decades now, weighed strongly in favour of staying put until the soft cover arrives, and in many instances publishers will opt for immediate release of books in the cheaper, more compact format. Even as I speak, that's still the bulk of the market, although serious incentives – numerous prestige awards, devious PR strategies and, of course, lavish literary accolades such as the Booker and Whitbread prizes – have succeeded in doubling, occasionally trebling print-runs

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JACKIE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUPERT DAINES

Hope you never have to go into hospital. But if you do, it may be some consolation if the girl clacking around on the sensible heels, making sure you've taken your pills, washed under your foreskin and who checks that the enema douche is at the right temperature (or whatever they do), is someone like Jackie. Big, bouncy and very cheerful, Jackie has that devil-may-care attitude to life you get among nurses. That sense that you should be enjoying life while you can. And while you've got it – well, why not flaunt it (38-23-37)? We have all got a lot to be thankful to the nurses for. Indeed, there is one among us who, having watched his first child being born in the approved modern fashion, picked up a nurse on the way out, took her to a party and celebrated fatherhood by trying to do it again. He will remain nameless. If the £500 in used notes is left in the usual place.

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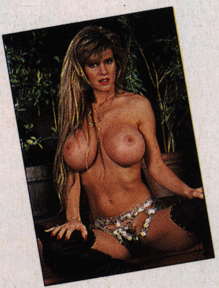

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of certain hardbacks. Stephen Hawking's *A Brief History Of Time* (Bantam – £14.95), for instance, has been on the best-selling list for over two years now, and the paperback version is still nowhere in sight. Sales of hardbacks are, if anything, on the up, according to pundits in the book trade, and, yes, you do get to read something ahead of all those others prepared to wait it out for six months and beyond before they get their copy.

Two steady themes emerge from this month's batch: sex and crime, unsurprisingly. Take sex initially. The first one under this heading, *Surrender The Pink* (Hutchinson – £12.99), shouldn't have any problems on the shelves. For starters, it's written by Carrie Fisher, an actress herself and daughter of Debbie Reynolds (*The Singing Nun*), and Eddie Fisher; a real neurobarbed, in-house example of Hollywood's feuding flesh-and-blood sagas, and always good for headlines. Its publication, too, is sweetly timed to coincide with the West End première of the film of her other, semi-autobiographical novel, *Postcards From The Edge* (Picador – £4.99). Once Princess Leia in the *Star Wars* trilogy, and now a screen-writer in demand, Carrie Fisher discovered her second vocation in a detoxification clinic, another wan survivor of hip and destructive glamour.

Before I read *Surrender The Pink*, I always thought Dinah was a cat, the one that didn't follow Alice down the hole. Far from it. Her surname's Kaufman, she writes trashy soap dialogue, and belongs to that species of modern American girl, more West Coast than elsewhere, who can't enjoy a good nervous breakdown unless all the colours of the rainbow are in it.

This is, as she has it, 'the bad acid trip of love' but staged as a psycho-analytical marathon, starting and concluding inside the tunnel itself, never really seeing daylight beyond and yet pretending it's still there to reach for. This is, essentially, After-We-Broke-Up fiction on tape-recorded heartbreak and styled like hair, so cute and throwaway that it cuts an impression of something memorable which, just as quickly, evaporates into something else that isn't. Like the food out there.

Then you get to compare that with the icehouse variation, whereby matters of the heart are treated with formaldehyde and placed on a slide awaiting magnification. This is Deirdre Wilson's *Slave Of The Passions* (Picador – £14.99), a more or less air-conditioned overview of human feelings (or curious lack of them) as experienced by Grace Ritchie, a sleepy and remote sort of beauty-doll, perpetually bemused by her own sexual passivity and the correspondingly ardent response that seems to bring out in those who pursue her for that purpose. Like Carrie Fisher, who prefaced each chapter of *Surrender The Pink* with bizarre snippets of animal and insect mating rituals, so too Wilson architects her own cerebral field study with liberal discourse on what academic departments like to call 'behaviourism', mollusc ethics, stickleback confusion, chicken and egg headaches. All good topics for an essay, perhaps, although not so easy on which to pronounce evidence of life-forms, particularly those who write rock lyrics minutes after an inspirational groin-clinking display.

Slave Of The Passions is battling in the sense any mystery is with an evasive punchline, for, at best, it's a cat-and-mouse affair, only the cat's got no teeth and the mouse can read Nietzsche, which tends to cool that feline's desire for a meal. At worst, it's a tale told by a scientific lady who cannot trust it to tell itself, so she must play doctor with it herself, see if it raises the ghosts she wishes to raise, in the expectation that they might haunt. And they don't, not really.

Of thrillers, there are three. Easily the best-written for style and page-turning flair is James Hall's *Bones Of Coral* (Heinemann – £13.99), set in the Florida Keys and concerned – like a good deal of modern, conspiracy-type intrigues – with covert and environmentally hazardous operations which pollute both humans and landscapes. Firmly wedged inside a tradition formed by Ghandler and Hammett and brought wickedly up-to-the-mark by Elmore Leonard and George V. Higgins, the hero of the piece is taciturn, tight-lipped, hard-bitten and checking his own capacity for violence since that time when he slapped his sweetheart silly at the drive-in.

As such, the mystery itself is thin, because the killer – a weirdly humorous psychopath who teaches his parrot filthy, meaningless rhymes and feels no pain – shares equal point-of-view space with the troubled paramedic who is trying to work out what happened to his father, supposedly a shotgun suicide, and reviving his high-school love affair with an ex-soap star who's acquired multiple sclerosis and swims nude with dolphins for exercise.

Technically speaking, the escalating eco-horror suspense (bad chemicals on the beach, in the atmosphere) and a high body count phase the romance down, because it all returns to garbage. Everyone gets to roll in it, smell it. No one gets out of this a whole person and, really, from what I recollect, it's their wounds you remember.

Then there's the courtroom nail-biter. You all know it. But gone are the days of Perry Mason where, under cross-examination, the real villain always unmasked himself and the accused went free. Lawyers are under the gavil themselves. Defence attorney got attacked by client she'd acquitted in *Jagged Edge*, the assistant DA was on trial for murder in *Presumed Innocent*, and the judge did it in *Suspect*. Now, in Philip Friedman's *Reasonable Doubt* (Headline – £13.95), ex-prosecutor, Michael Ryan, finds himself asked to defend Jennifer, his daughter-in-law, for the killing of his son, Ned; and she's pregnant too.

Problem is, though, it feeds so directly off the slipstream of the others I've mentioned, rather cynically pruning sections off and grafting them on to its own, and the characters are so obviously plot-ciphers with little or no life of their own. Even the central one – a morbid, whisky-soaked and self-pitying man – has barely enough flesh to cover his bones. It's padded out with far too much legal procedure, particularly jury selection, although that doesn't stop the reader from wanting to finish what Friedman's begun. You're

left with doubts, though, and they aren't all reasonable.

Noticeable rise in female sleuths these days, best of which can be found in Sara Paretsky's Chicago cycle of thrillers (all Penguin – circa £3.99), starring Vic Warshawski – but over here, there's a choice of them, too. To hand, I have the introduction of *Flynn* (Faber – £12.99), Laura to her friends, whose down-at-heel private detective agency, much like others in the genre, scarcely manages to juggle police interference with paying the rent on time. Laura is semi-hard-boiled, down-to-earth yet vulnerable, nosey but not stupid, and likes a pinch of fantasy before she falls asleep. She works out, solving cases while pushing weights and talking to the St. Lucy cross she fingers round her pretty neck.

That's not all, unfortunately. Rather than hitting on a plot, Lesley Grant-Adamson has plumbed for three sub-plots, plus a dull on-off romance with the ex-husband, to spice up 200 pages. A body is washed up from the River Thames, and sure enough it's the dress designer who hired Flynn and didn't pay her.

Then there's her father's disappearance, which she's checking out after 20 years; oh, and a large stray cat called a Maine Coot. This is very much a casual, pedestrian thriller, one that crawls – not because it's devious and needs careful sifting, but because it simply has no legs. And there you have it./*Theo Logan.*

WORLD OF NOOKIE

twin peaks revisited

Be honest: if you'd had the pleasure of losing your equipment in the deepest chasm since your overdraft, would you have to be bribed to tell the tale?

I can remember it as if it were yesterday: the Editor took me for a 58-course lunch at Le Gavroche and then got down on his silk-mixture knee and said: "Ed . . . may I call you Sir Edward? You're the only man in the known universe who understands the female bosom like what I do. Tell my readers the true story of how you got off with the largest-breasted 18-year-old in Britain, and I will grant you any boon you desire. Or, failing that, I might even cough up 50p to get your coat out of the cloakroom."

Well, I looked at my John Major Boy Scout wristwatch (comes only in grey, doesn't glow in the dark, doesn't even glow in the light – and instead of beeping on the hour it politely coughs). I decided that I was busy for the next 63 years. There are some things that a chap just doesn't like to tittle-tattle about. Tits are one of them. I can't stand tit tittle-tattle. After all, as Scrooge said to Marley (Marley of *Christmas Carol* fame, that is, not Marley of 'Tiles' fame, or the rhyming slang that goes with it): "You should keep your knockers to yourself."

But say what you like about the Ed, he's a very persuasive man. He made me an offer I couldn't refuse. The offer was: if I told you the true story of how I got off with the largest-breasted 18-year-old in Britain, he would appoint me Official Minge-Measurer at the Raymond Revuebar (bring your own protractor and your own sandwiches). If I didn't, I would wake up in the morning to find the severed head of Douglas Hurd lying on the pillow next to me.

I have had several letters of complaint from the Haringey Women's Lesbian Kalashnikov Training and Mouth Painting Centre saying that this column has been prejudiced in favour of girls with enormous breasts to the detriment of their less melonious sisters. Apparently, this has contributed to a rape crisis for women in Haringey – i.e. none of them had been raped for years.

But I have to plead guilty to having a taste for breasts that you might describe as gazongas rather than breasts that amount to little more than two suppressed coughs in a freshly-laundered handkerchief.

As battle-scarred veterans of this column will know, my father's First Principle of Nookie (to which I have religiously adhered, as the *mohel* said when he tried to mend his circumcision knife with Araldite) is that you should never go out with a woman whose breasts are smaller than her head. This rule caused my father some difficulties when he went out with Bettina the Big-Headed Bulgarian during a summer tour of the Sofia State Circus (getting through doorways was a bit tricky, the way he tells it . . . head first? Or tits first? And her bum wasn't exactly understated, either. When she sat on a trapeze it disappeared). But it generally stood him in good stead – and there was some logic to it.

My grandfather, Edweard Knox the Elder, insisted in later life that all the girls around him should have gigantic breasts. This was because he had masturbated so furiously when he was younger that his sight had gone, and in a poor light he couldn't tell the difference between men, women and a cheap set of golf-clubs. His notorious attempted finger-fuck of the two-bell alarm outside High Holborn fire-station was the last straw.

He was an inventor of some repute, and he was worried that his blurry eyesight might lead him to do something that would harm his reputation, such as feeling up the gas-meter man instead of the woman who came to give my father pig-butchering lessons. In those days my father had the somewhat unusual ambition to be a knacker; but of course when he saw the women with whom my grandfather crowded the Knox household, he discovered that he preferred knockers and knickers to knackers.

I believe I've mentioned my grandfather before. Among other interesting devices, he was the inventor of the ill-starred Phellatophone – a nationwide system of rubber hoses which would have enabled women to give blow-jobs to their adored menfolk over impressive distances. Go and suck on that one, British Telecom! Unfortunately, one of the first and most enthusiastic subscribers to Phellatophone, Miss Mavis Bushplaiter of Telescope Terrace, Bournemouth, Hampshire, died of collapsed lungs after attempting to gam a 75-year-old pilchard-pickler in Stornoway. I have applied on several occasions to have Miss Bushplaiter's feat recorded in the Rutger Hauer Book Of Records (Most Remote Blowing Of The Old Protein Piccolo), but they're a little stiff about that kind of thing.

Anyway, as he grew blinder and blinder, poor old Edweard filled his household with girls whose breast measurements exceeded nine and a half Knoxes. (The Knox is the world's only recognised unit of measuring the true size of a girl's gazongas, and is computed by cupping her bare breasts in both hands, lifting them as high as possible, and then letting them bounce. Each bounce is nine-tenths of a Knox, the other tenth being measured by the simultaneous increase in cubic inches of the measurer's dong.) Roughly speaking, nine and a half Knoxes = 42D.

I came across the largest-breasted under-20 in Britain by sheer accident. I was motoring around Rutland Water at the time, on one of those perfect

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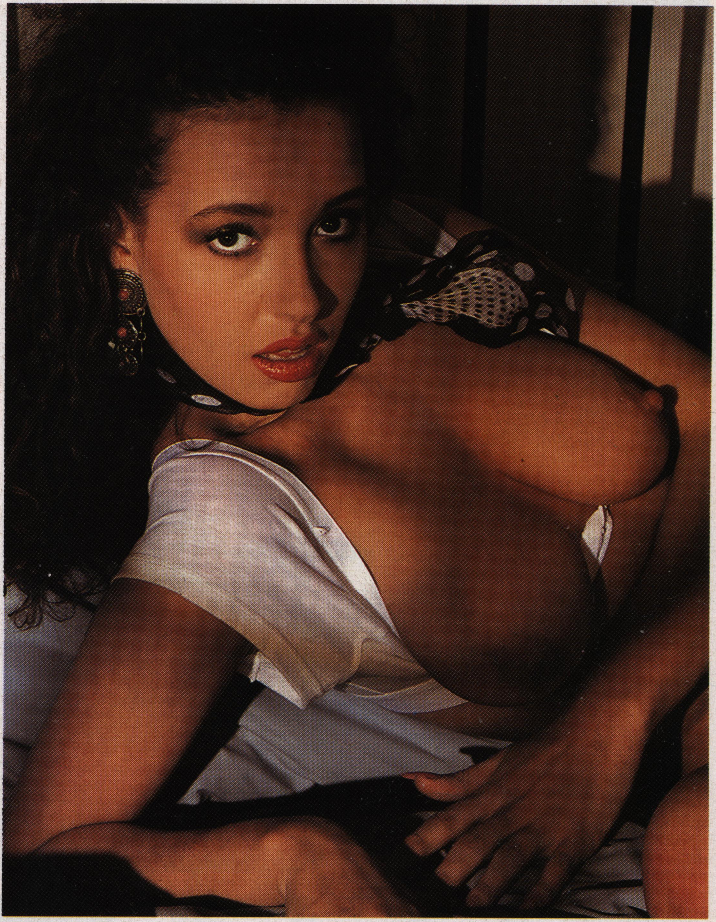
simone



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH MEDLAND

It's Paris, it's summer. The high ceiling of the hotel room is yellowed, the curtains are faded, the sink is blocked; there's a thin 'peek peek' of taxis turning out of the Rue de St. Honore into the Place de la Concorde. You wear a dishevelled white shirt, you haven't shaved for almost three days. You don't care.

You throw open the shutters. The light blasts across the room, casting stark black shadows on to 19-year-old Simone's flagrantly delicious, pouting 34-22-35ishness lying across your big brass bed. She pouts, she wriggles, she beckons. You pace the room. You're not sure you want her. Or anything. You stub out your Disque Bleu, run your hand through your hair and light another one. The blue smoke hangs in the shafts of sunlight.

You decide. Yes, you'll have her. You unbutton your shirt, peel off your trousers, toss your cigarette out of the window and start to stride towards the bed.

She looks up at you and smiles. She has a puzzled look on her face. Then she laughs. "Aren't you supposed to be taking photographs of me?" she says.

Shit, so you are! That's the trouble with working for *Men Only*.

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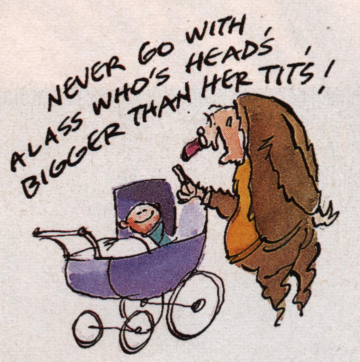

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summer days that makes you glad you're not Saddam Hussein, and even gladder you're not Neil Kinnock, because you'd have to tie a handkerchief over your head to protect your *ouef*-like bonce from harmful UV rays, and in any case you'd be married to Glenys, and if that's not sufficient reason to hurl yourself into the nearest ocean then I don't know what is. In fact, Neil tried it once, didn't he, fully-clothed, but she dragged him out. I don't know whether she gave him the knee-in-the-nuts-of-life, which is quite like the kiss-of-life except that you bring up yesterday's breakfast as well as all the water you've swallowed, and you never *ever* try to drown yourself again – but he probably deserved it.

Under the shade of a diseased elm, I saw a young girl hitch-hiking. She was blonde, wide-eyed, and startlingly pretty, but apart from that her blue check shirt bulged with the hugest breasts that I had ever seen – an effect that was increased by the straining of her backpack straps. She wore little white hiking shorts of impossible tightness, big rolled-down hiking socks, and blue Dr. Martens' boots.

I had been travelling at my usual safe cruising speed of 115mph, and I left six hundred yards of black rubber skidmarks behind me. I then reversed at well over 80mph, and just managed to reach the girl before a Skoda Sport driver could pull into the side of the road beside her. "'Ere, pratface, what's your game?" he yelled at me. "Driving backwards like that?"

"Actually, I wasn't driving backwards," I told him. "You were coming up behind me so fast it just *looked* as if I was driving backwards."

He thought about that, and then he said: "Oh," and looked pleased. "So I nearly overtook you? Gor! I've never overtaken anything before."

He roared off along the road, leaving me with Little Miss Jumbo Bumps. "Would you care for a lift?" I asked her. "I'm heading for King's Lynn."

"Oh, no," she said, "I'm going to Bradford."

"Well, it must be your lucky day!" I smiled, reaching over and opening the passenger-door. "I'm going to King's Lynn by way of Bradford."

"Isn't that out of your way?" she asked, easing off her backpack in a way that made her breasts strain even more tightly against her blouse. They were truly huge, with a cleavage down which you could have lost the British Expeditionary Force and all 25 volumes of Edward Heath's *Collected Bumblings*.

"Out of my way? Only about three hundred miles," I reassured her. She climbed into the car, and as she did so her shorts cut even more tightly into her puppy-fat mound of Venus. Her shorts were so short, in fact, that past the glorious sunlit curve of her inside thigh I could glimpse the swelling of her vulva, and see fine blonde pubic hair, like a lecher's version of a Timotei commercial.

We drove off. She told me that her name was Sukie, and that she had been hitch-hiking with two college friends. But one friend had twisted her ankle and the other friend had taken her back home to Bradford by train . . . and so here she was, alone. She and her friends had been studying the environment and global warming and recycling and all that green malarkey.

"Recycling?" I said. "Cycling once is bad enough, let alone doing it twice."

"Recycling means using the same natural resource several times over, silly." She leaned forward to switch on the car radio, and as she did so, the critical button of her check shirt pinged off, and disappeared on to the floor. Immediately, I was given a Cinemascope view of her two huge white breasts, scarcely contained in a filmy lace bra, through which her pale pink nipples glowed. She didn't have small nipples either, as so many large-breasted girls do. Her areolae were as wide as beermats, and her nipples protruded like two strawberry-flavoured jelly-babies.

She said: "Could you stop a minute while I find my button? It's mother-of-pearl."

Well – anything to oblige a nubile 18-year-old with 44-DD breasts. I stopped the car beside the road, in a quiet and leafy layby, and she unfastened her seat-belt and started to search on the floor for her lost button.

First of all she opened the passenger door and peered under the seat. As she did so, however, her right breast fell completely out of her bra, bouncing soft and weighty to the tune of at least ten and three-quarter Knoxes – not to mention the effect that it had on the old Plumrose pipe inside my Daks slacks. She seemed oblivious as she searched, and I watched with rising pleasure and desire as her bare breast swayed and wobbled with every move she made – her nipple brushing lightly against the thick-carpeted floor of the car, so that it knurled and stiffened to the size of a Sumo-wrestling jelly-baby.

"I think that's it," she said, reaching deeper under the seat. As she did so, her left breast tumbled out to join its companion. She leaned further and further forward her breasts now squashed against the carpet in soft white marshmallowiness.

She said: "Hang on" (as if I wouldn't!), and climbed up on to her seat. She knelt on it with her white-shorted bottom almost in my face, and hung herself almost upside-down so that she could see into the Stygian recesses under the seat. Her breasts hung upside-down, too, full and heavy and supported only by the leather seat of the car. All I could see were her two stiff pink nipples looking up at me like two wide and welcoming eyes.

Your honour, I couldn't resist it. I reached out and cupped her taut buttocks in both hands. I was prepared for a rebuff; and if she had rebuffed me, I would have withdrawn like the perfect gentleman I am. But Sukie wriggled her bottom in my face and said: "Mmmm, that's nice," and I began to get the distinct feeling that she may have been flirting with me . . . only a little, perhaps, but distinctly flirting.

I reached around her waist and unfastened the button of her shorts. They were so tight that it wasn't at all easy. But while her head still hung upside-down, looking under the seat, I wrenched those shorts down inch by inch.

I had to tug the white cotton forcefully out of the tight wedge of her bottom, and where they had been pulled up tight into the moist pink cleft of her vulva, the cotton was darkened with slippery damp.

"Any sign of that button yet?" I said. I parted the cheeks of her bottom with my fingers and found a button of my own – rosy red and wrinkled. I licked it with the tip of my tongue and she shivered. Then I slid my tongue further down into the slippery recesses of her cunt. She tasted of thin honey and fresh perspiration and a long hike through Rutland. Better than Webster's best bitter any day.

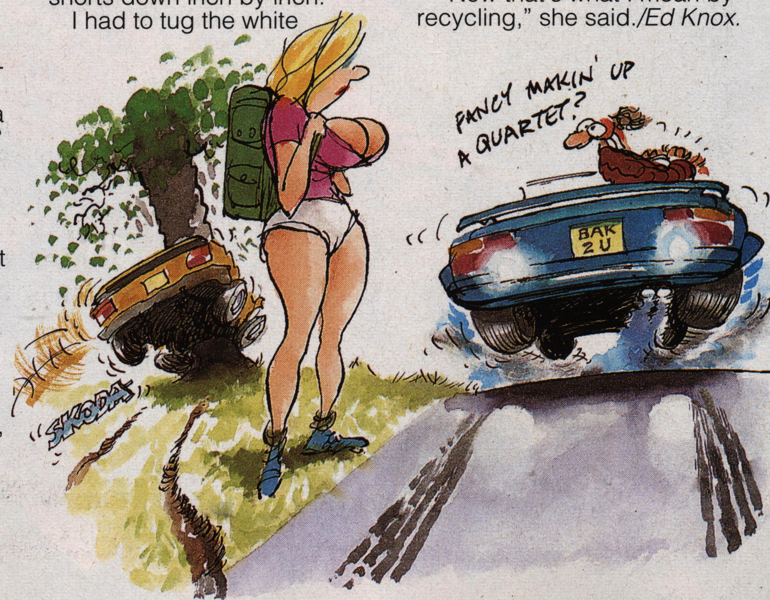
Sukie sat up at last, turned around, and opened my slacks. Out into the warm summer air came the famous Knox salute – thick and flushed and ready for action. She grasped her huge breasts in both hands, and massaged my cock in her hot, slippery cleavage, round and round and from side to side. Her breasts were so huge that my entire cock, as well as my balls, were swallowed by soft, sweaty flesh.

At last I said: "No more poll tax!" or words to that effect. Sukie gave her breasts one last contra-rotating squeeze, and I spurted sperm deep between them. She kept them squeezed together even after my erection had died and I had sat back in the driver's seat with satisfaction.

I said: "What are you waiting for?"

She smiled, and shook her head. "Wait and see." And it was only then that a thick trickle of sperm slid out of her cleavage and down her stomach and collected in her navel. It pooled there for a moment, and then overflowed and slid down through her pubic hair into the juicy half-parted lips of her cunt.

"Now *that's* what I mean by recycling," she said./*Ed Knox.*



claire

photographs by joanie allum

When she was growing up Claire's ambition in life was to spike up her hair, wear bits of plastic dustbin liner held together with safety pins, stick a stud in her nose and hang around street corners outraging people, just like her older sisters.

But by the time she reached 37-22-35 it was all over. She hung around the streets of Romford being a wild child as best she could, but no one really noticed her. It wasn t until she started dressing like a lady and going to posh places that she really came into her own. Because when a lady kicks over the traces, strips off her clothes, and starts pulling the trousers off the head waiter,everyone is outraged. Great girl, Claire. Lovely body, looks sensational in stockings and frills. Just never take her out to dinner at the Savoy. We speak from bitter experience.

MEN ONLY

HEAVENLY TWIINS

DOUBLE TROUBLE! HUMUNGOUS HOOTERS HASSLE OUR HERO – BUT HE SURVIVES WITH HIS VOL-AU-VENTS INTACT. BRA-BUSTIN' FICTION BY HOWARD LAKE.

McKenzie, as he never tired of pointing out to anyone dumb enough to listen, had been in catering all his life. He'd laid on spreads for the crowned heads of Europe, he had; his vol-au-vents had swept the board at the 1965 'Nifty Nibbles' magazine convention. Private dinner parties, high-society weddings, ceremonial functions, he'd fed the lot. There wasn't one person in *Who's Who* who hadn't had their face stuffed by McKenzie at some point or another. Which begged the question: why, then, was he operating out of a grotty shop in a backstreet in NW6? Wine, women and crêpes suzette, presumably . . .

But what the hell – he was good enough to take me on, so it'd be unfair to knock the old sod. I was 19, just flunked out of catering college and, to be honest, I'd have gone down on McKenzie in the window of Fortnum's for a job. Times were hard for a failed pastry chef back in the late '70s, so if all your lying, bullshitting and faked credentials could land you a job, all the better.

It meant working like buggery for next to nothing, but, without this job, I *was* next to nothing, so no complaints from here, squire. Still, I did get pissed off at times, busting a gut in some musty marquee at a toff's ball while McKenzie'd get sozzled on the cooking sherry and bemoan the standard of contemporary danish pastries. Such events would usually culminate in myself and one of the hired helps stretchering the old boy into the van on a trestle-table and having to hassle some pissed-up remnant of the aristocracy for our money. More often than not it took a combination of persuasion, threats and dark hints about salmonella in the sausage rolls to get our dough, but we usually managed it.

The hired helps were the real perks of the job and here McKenzie showed his one and only talent. They were usually blonde, buxom and possessed of all the savvy of a lemon meringue. When it came to their performing the appointed tasks, they were sadly lacking and wont to dish up veal parmesan with HP sauce, but on the other hand, when it came to disappearing into the bushes behind the marquee for a few minutes' naughtiness, they'd be astoundingly obliging. After a few months I'd got the art of judging the time elapse between dessert and the cheese board to a tee, and if the gorgonzola smelled a little, er, more mature than usual, that was too bad. As far as I was concerned, I was on easy street as long as McKenzie didn't croak or discover I was porking the hell out of some lass he had his beady eye on. I suppose I was complacent, content that nothing could go wrong, which, as we all know, means that something *will* go disastrously wrong, *very* soon.

We'd spent that week working towards Saturday's big event: a society ball in Buckinghamshire. Nothing had seemed amiss except for an air of gleeful anticipation about McKenzie. This I put down to his looking forward to counting the moolah Sunday morning, or his advancing senility. Either way, things were normal until I pulled up in the van outside Largesse Hall and trudged through the mud to the marquee to find McKenzie hopping about in a state bordering on psychosis.

"They're not here!" he wailed, waving a flan case in my face. "Those little tarts ain't here!"

I tried soothing him by guiding him towards the sherry. "Calm down, Ron," I said. "Just tell me what's busting your balls."

"It's the bleedin' hired help," he moaned. "They're a half-hour late already. Who's gonna set the tables?"

"I will," I told him, taking charge and pouring him a large one – impossible for him to do himself due to his DTs. "Anyway," I added, "we can always rely on Susan and Emily – they always turn up in the end."

"I sacked them two."

"You what?" Visions of frantic *coitus* in the herbaceous border with a rhododendron stalk up my anus vanished instantly. Emmy and Sue had always been the most accommodating girls we'd employed. Sue, in particular, had a really neat

trick with an aubergine and an egg whisk that always got my chainsaw buzzing.

"Why did you sack them?"

"Screwing on the job."

"What's so bad about that?"

"They were under the head table at the wedding last week."

"Really?"

"With the bridegroom and the vicar."

He was only jealous.

"So who's taking their place?" I asked, as the unruly protest riots in my scrotum calmed down a little.

McKenzie seemed reticent on the matter at first, then he said – trying hard to be casual – and failing: "Just a couple of girls I bumped into."

I knew what that meant: two dodgy old boilers he'd met in a bar somewhere who'd managed to get something stirring under his truss. I could see it now: cigarette ash in the prawn cocktail; lipstick traces on the neck of the Armagnac bottle; surgical stockings showing beneath the uniform skirt. Oh, a right classy affair this was going to be!

"What are they called?"

McKenzie racked his brains, scratched his balls and anything else that might have helped. "Angie and Paula," he announced.

As neither was to be seen on the horizon, I started setting the tables, pondering on the iniquities of life that could rob me of a pair of right little ravers like Emmy and Sue and replace them with a couple of worn-out trollops from McKenzie's local. I was still pissed off half an hour later when I returned to the kitchen tent to find the old bastard had worked his way through half the sherry and was starting on the Courvoisier. At least he was smiling.

"The girls ish here," he informed me, listing at a 45-degree angle. I was not impressed.

"Where are they?" I demanded. "I need to see them right away or we'll never get this done in time."

"Out back," answered McKenzie. "They're changin'."

"Right." I marched out of the tent in search of the errant pair. If they thought they could get away with murder because they'd squeezed McKenzie's balls once or twice, they had it coming. I gave the orders round here. I was the law and they'd better believe it!

"OK, you two!" I barked, as I rounded the corner tent-pole. "I think there's a few things we better get straight right . . . away . . ."

Either my eyes were deceiving me, or I'd died and gone to heaven . . . heaven for guys who like big tits. These, I had to presume, were Angie

All I can remember is tits: tits bouncing in my face, tits spilling over my palms, tits choking the hell out of my length. It was a frolic of epic proportions.

and Paula. It had to be them, unless they were a pair of titanically-built local girls who enjoyed dressing up in waitresses' outfits.

Unfortunately – or fortunately, whichever way you looked at it – they hadn't quite got the grasp of the clothes, which wasn't surprising as no way were they designed for women with bustlines like these two possessed. As I goggled, one of them was engaged in a struggle with her top, her bouncing boobs only just contained in a quarter-cup bra. Her face was hidden under a mane of blonde hair, while her friend had her back to me. Then, on hearing my voice, she turned around and my shock was complete.

I was seeing double – in 3D yet! Both were the spitting image of the other. Both were blonde, both were pretty, both were buxom beyond all credibility.and the realms of possibility. For a 19-year-old lad like me, it was a bit of a strain.

"You Ernie?" trilled the one on the right, whose knockers, at a cursory glance, seemed to have the edge by about an inch.

My voice had gone AWOL but returned bit by bit. "I'm Ernie," I introduced myself. "You're the hired help, right?" (I wanted to be certain about the loony country maiden theory.)

"That's right," smiled the one on the right. "I'm Paula and this is my sister, Angie. We're twins."

10 out of 10 for stating the obvious. McKenzie's eye might have improved but his quest for grey matter still left much to be desired. For my part, it was vital that I not let my impending hard-on overcome my duties as their boss, so, as nicely as possible, I asked what had taken them so long.

"We got lost," Angie explained. "All them country lanes look the same, don't they?"

"We came up from Barnet," Paula continued. "We were stripping there last night. Ever seen us? We're called *The Heavenly Twins.*"

"Actually, I think I'd have remembered," I replied, "but at least you're here and we can get started."

That was cool of me, playing it all authoritarian. I'd read in a book somewhere that women loved it when men were all dominant and masterful. Admittedly, it was hard to pull it off when confronted by a twin pair of mahjoobas like these, but I was going to give it a try. I gave them five minutes to get dressed and, sure enough, five minutes later they were shuffling into the kitchen looking as meek as lambs – if I discounted the giggling and the blowing of kisses to McKenzie, who was by now near prone on the gâteau trolley. I maintained my poise as I briefed them on their tasks and set them to it, distributing the serviettes among the tables. Only when I was sure they were out of sight did I set to beating my erection down with a soup ladle.

"I can see why you hired them, McKenzie," I said, attempting to vent my sexual energy on a trifle mix – which is no substitute. The old git chuckled heartily to himself and rested an elbow in a Black Forest supreme.

"Those tits," he smiled serenely. "Did you ever see the like? In all my years I never saw nothin' like 'em."

"Those tits will be the end of you, McKenzie," I warned, darkly.

"What a way to go!" he cackled back, tumbling off the trolley and squashing his sweetbreads.

Little was I to know how prophetic my words were to be . . .

Things went smoothly at first, and I had to admit Angie and Paula knew their stuff, even if their gargantuan gunboats *did* get caught in the soup occasionally. We made it through the main course and dessert OK, apart from one overexcited retired colonel who made a lunge for Paula's protruberances midway through the entrée and ended up face-down in his avocado vinaigrette. For the most part, though, it appeared we would make it through to the end without much trouble.

McKenzie had retired to the van in intoxication, which left the coast clear for me to run things as I wanted. Such luxury must have distracted me from overseeing Angie and Paula, which was an error as the next time I was aware of them was when a leftover slab of quiche caught me neatly around the ear.

I spun round and caught Angie giggling inanely at me. Paula was behind her, a huge dollop of trifle in her right hand. Lipstick smears on a half-empty brandy bottle bore silent witness to what had been going on. I felt it was time for a short address on propriety and the demands of etiquette.

"I think I should . . ." I said.

It started well, but then a volley of well-aimed trifle – accompanied by an incoming ballistic gâteau – sort of curtailed any words of wisdom I might have imparted. From then on it was utter culinary carnage as everything from the egg mayonnaise to the custard à la greque rained down on me. I stood my ground stoically, taking it like a man, waiting until their ammunition was exhausted. Then I counter-attacked, my proximity to the gravy and blue cheese dip making my armoury a lethal one as I forced the terrible twins back into the corner behind the cold meats table, not relenting in my onslaught until they were splattered from head to toe.

"Had enough?" I demanded, fondling a cream caramel menacingly. "Or do you want some more?"

"We were only playing!" Angie complained, as she picked dollops of blue cheese from her hair.

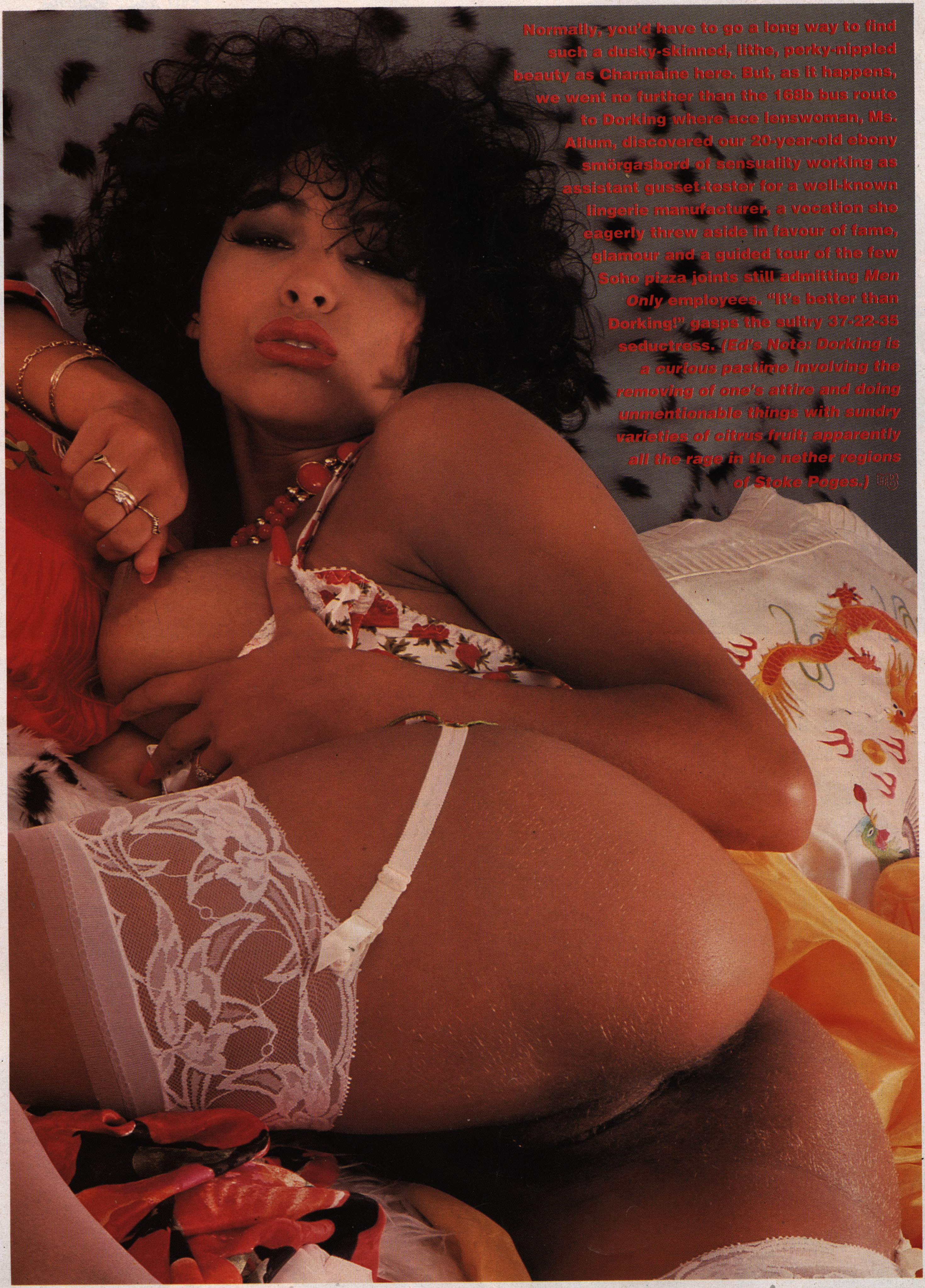
"No need to go mental!" added Paula, brushing humus off the jutting shelf of her thrusting bosom.

"All right," I said, trying to dribble a little oil on troubled waters, "I apologise for getting carried away. But what are we

continued on page 64

charmaine

photographs by joanie allum



Normally, you'd have to go a long way to find such a dusky-skinned, lithe, perky-nippled beauty as Charmaine here. But, as it happens, we went no further than the 168b bus route to Dorking where ace lenswoman, Ms. Allum, discovered our 20-year-old ebony smörgasbord of sensuality working as assistant gusset-tester for a well-known lingerie manufacturer, a vocation she eagerly threw aside in favour of fame, glamour and a guided tour of the few Soho pizza joints still admitting *Men Only* employees. "It's better than Dorking!" gasps the sultry 37-22-35 seductress. *(Ed's Note: Dorking is a curious pastime involving the removing of one's attire and doing unmentionable things with sundry varieties of citrus fruit; apparently all the rage in the nether regions of Stoke Poges.)*

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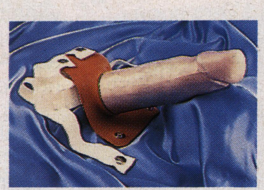

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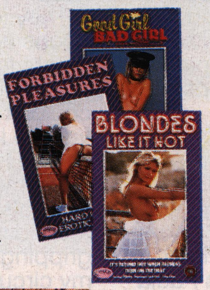

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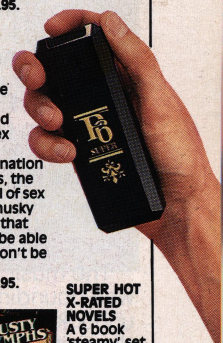

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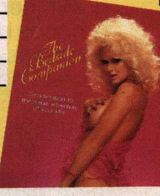


continued from page 54

going to do now? Look at us – McKenzie'll go apeshit!"

"It'll wash out," said Paula. "We'll rinse them off in the sink."

"And what'll we wear in the meantime?" I asked. Angie and Paula exchanged glances and giggles.

"We'll have to improvise, won't we?" said Angie, popping the buttons on her already-straining blouse. Paula cottoned on fast and the two were ripping off their clothes in double-quick time. First the blouses, revealing vast acres of titflesh under lacy material clearly not up to the job. Then the skirts, buttons pinging in all directions as they fell to the floor.

Oh God! Stockings and suspenders over panties that bulged and blossomed with healthy young pussy. It was enough to destroy the virtue of a eunuch, so you can imagine what it did for me.

"Come on, Ernie," they cajoled, falling on me and plucking my tall hat off my head and my white coat off my shoulders.

"Get it off, boy. All of it," grinned Paula, tearing down my fly and tugging off my strides. Despite my protests, they and their tits were too much for me and very soon only my natty leopard-print Y-fronts were between them and a total loss of my modesty.

"Ooooh!" squealed Angie. "Don't he look lovely?"

"I dunno." Paula was peering at my tackle which I was trying to hide behind cupped hands. "Looks like there's room for development there. You know, perhaps we could help him."

"How?" Angie asked.

"Pass me the whipped cream, girl," Paula replied. "This'll straighten him up, all right."

The music from the disco was pounding away, as Paula unhooked her bra and deposited it on my left ear. Two humungous hooters dangled in the evening air as she started to dance, her hands playing 'guess the weight' with her jugs. The elastic of my Y-fronts was starting to stretch unbearably as she upended a carton of whipped cream over her chest and began to rub the stuff in. As I watched it drip from her thimble-sized nipples, I knew I was in deep shit.

I was in even deeper as Angie, too, shed her boulder-holder and started to dance with her sister, rubbing her boobs up against Paula's, the nipples grinding together and creating more friction than an Anglo-French economic summit meeting. The friction of

It was Paula who ripped down my Y-fronts and got her fingers around my quivering shaft, gripping it so tight I feared for my circulation.

my dong against polyester was even worse, especially when Angie, flicking me a knowing wink, bent down and began to lap up the dribbling streams of cream that flowed so freely over Paula's hills and valleys.

That was it. In utter frustration I clapped my hands to my head, freeing my rampant tool, which speared against the front of my underpants like a gold medal-winning javelin throw in the Olympics – a fact which Paula and Angie couldn't fail to notice.

"Wow!" whistled Angie. "Fresh salami!"

"That's mine!" shouted Paula. "I saw it first!"

They fell to their knees, boobs a-swingin', as they fought for first touch of my pulsing pecker. Personally, I couldn't care less who was first, so long as one was.

It was Paula who ripped down my leopard-print specials and got her fingers around my quivering shaft, gripping it so tight I feared for my circulation.

"Whipped cream!" urged Angie. "More whipped cream!"

Paula poured it on, turning my dick into a confectionery in a matter of seoonds. I wasn't complaining, though; not when two tongues began lashing over my stalk and licking the stuff off. I was battling with the natural urge to add cream of another kind to the mix and, through Herculean will-power, staved off the pressing demands my brain was making.

A good job, too, because there was more to come. Bodily, the two girls lifted me and carried me over to the trestle-table at the far end of the tent, where they deposited me with my bum in a blancmange (which probably explains some of my more bizarre fetishes as I've got older). "Go on, Angie," urged Paula, frigging herself with a baguette, "fuck the kid senseless!"

Angie was upon me in a jamboree of boobs, bum, thighs and more boobs. In fact, my starkest recollection is of those awesome jugs smothering my face as she gripped my cock and fed it into her moist pussy. From then on in, it was like the Ride of the Valkyries meets B-52 carpet-bombing, as first Angie, then Paula, had their wicked way with poor innocent me. All I can remember is tits: tits bouncing in my face as they rode my dick like demented rodeo contestants; tits spilling over my palms as I hung on for dear life; tits wrapped round my prick like squishy pink pillows as they used their jiggling jugs to choke the hell out of my length. It was a three-way frolic of epic proportions, culminating with my cock lost deep in the valley of Paula's cleavage, lubricated by salad cream as I thrust joyously back and forth in her titcrack while Angie pleasured Paula with a cucumber, managing to bring her to the peak of pleasure at precisely the same moment my young gonads gave up the struggle and my steaming wad shot forth on to Paula's pleasure-domes in a jolting climax that seemed unending.

In fact, all this orgiastic excess had shielded from us another, more disturbing, fact. As my supercharged cock continued to jet jism in all directions south of Hemel Hempstead, McKenzie chose that moment to make his entrance. It must have been quite a sight for the old boy, one he was unable to handle. Orgasmically involved as I was, it was difficult to discern what he was screaming, but I think it had something to do with having me gelded without anaesthetic. He went berserk, picking up a steak knife and advancing on us with murder in mind. For a split second it looked as though it was all over for us.

But then a miraculous thing occurred. In his rage, McKenzie stumbled and grabbed at the tent-pole for support. Evidently, the combined force of those juddering whoppers doing all manner of naughty things in the tent had weakened the structure, so that when McKenzie clutched at the pole, there was a sickening creak as the main support gave way. Paula, Angie and I sensed it immediately.

"Run!" I yelled, urging them towards the exit as canvas billowed about us and the roof of the tent headed towards the ground.

We fled, spilling out of the kitchen and into the main function tent. The sight of one naked man (and two naked and massively betitted young fillies) on the drunken revellers cavorting in the disco, created pandemonium, as many took it as a sign that the party should get 'nekkid'. Tuxedos and taffeta ball-gowns flew in all directions, just as the huge support pole of our kitchen tent crashed into the marquee roof, bringing down the main tent even more spectacularly. I ducked for cover under the DJ console, taking Angie and Paula with me for company, their bosomy parts proving ample cover from the falling marquee.

Needless to say, what followed next went down as one of the most frenzied orgies in British history. Angie and Paula did their bit, while I decided that a getaway was the most prudent course of action. Naked, I drove the van back to London, knowing that my job was over, and not caring one way or the other.

A few years ago, I happened to be passing McKenzie's old shop. He was long gone, having gone into a decline shortly after that episode. In the local pubs no one had seen or heard of *The Heavenly Twins* in years, though one dewy-eyed guy reckoned they'd emigrated to America with a condom tycoon.

For my part, I now run my own catering firm. Weddings, funerals, bar mitzvahs – anything accepted. I keep my hands off the hired help these days, the lesson having been learned a long time ago. I have one golden rule, to which I abide at all times: whatever happens, *never* hire a waitress who's anything more than a 36A. Those things'll be the death of you.

MEL
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUPERT DAINES

Mighty mammaried maiden, Mel (42-25-36), first came to our attention during the semi-finals of the 1990 All-England Tit-Wrestling Championships held in Barrow-In-Furness. The 24-year-old Mel made the final, but unfortunately failed to lift the coveted Golden Bra Award due to a near-calamitous accident which occurred as she was in the act of unclipping her brassière. Unbeknownst to Mel, her fiendish opponent, one Wendy Whoppas, had sabotaged her D-cup restrainers with hi-tensile elastic resulting in the said device pinging across the packed auditorium, upon unhooking, and catching the chief judge a nasty blow which marked his card severely. However, that judge was none other than our esteemed guv'nor himself, with the result that while Mel revels in the adulation and glossy glory of an appearence in Men Only, Wendy Whoppas is reduced to working as chief buffing operative at a topless car wash in Cheadle Hulme.

YOURS SINFULLY

Write and tell us what turns you on. We'd love to know about your sexual fantasies and true life experiences. Address your letters to: The Editor, Private Parts, Men Only, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

IN MY PRIME

John and I have been lovers for six months. We met at a City restaurant one frantic Friday lunchtime. John was entertaining a client (he's in the PR business) but seemed far more interested in the swell of my bust than the chomping jowls of the fat slob seated opposite him. When I went to the Ladies, John followed me and asked for a date. A mere eight hours later I was naked in bed with him, sucking his lovely big tool and deliberately wanking his cum into my face and titties.

Six months on, we're even hotter for each other and sex seems to consist of one big game of 'Dare'. John senses that deep down inside I'm a really kinky lady, so he's always pushing his luck, hassling me to do really dirty things. Men can be such beasts when they know they've got a willing partner – but a girl doesn't want to appear *too* enthusiastic . . .

Take last night, for example. I was due round at John's place at eight, but I stayed on at the wine bar longer than I intended and it was nearly 11 when I turned up. It must have been obvious I'd been drinking.

"Show it to me!" he demanded. "Show you what?" I giggled, wriggling free of his clutches. "My bus pass?"

I'd been in his flat less than a minute, but the bulge in his trousers was already fully formed – the randy swine! I arranged myself with exaggerated decorum in one of his black hide armchairs, knees clamped together, skirt hem patted safely below knee level.

"Go on, show me," he demanded, betraying a hint of temper, "or I'll . . ."

"Or you'll what?" I teased. "Lose your cool and go and have a wank in the bathroom over one of your tacky magazines? Or would you rather wank over the real thing?"

Knees still together, I eased my skirt hem high enough to reveal I was wearing stockings, not tights. I asked if he wanted more and he got down on his knees and panted: "Please, I've got to!"

Slowly, I parted my knees and arranged myself in that all-time classic, pornographic position – legs akimbo and draped brazenly over the chair arms.

"Kiss them," I said, pulling my black silk panties tight over my sex. "And while you're down there, tell me if they need changing, will you? I slept in them last night . . ."

Inevitably, John tried to hook the gusset aside to gain access to my bare quim. But I slapped the back of his hand, hard.

"You bitch!" he hissed, angrily. "You're taking the piss."

"Shut up and show me your cock," I said, and to hurry him up I twisted my flimsy knickers around my finger and yanked them up into my vaginal slit, chafing them against my clitoris – again and again.

"Ugh, you're disgusting," I chided him, as he kicked his trousers off and got back down on to his knees. "It's dribbling."

Just when I thought I was about to be overpowered and subjected to a lusty, knicker-ripping fuck, John had an apparent change of heart and sat on the arm of the chair beside me. At the very moment I wanted the games-playing to end and the rude, crude, earthy sex to

commence, the cunning sod went and called my bluff!

"What's the big hurry?" he said, a malicious twinkle in his eye. "We've got all night."

He unbuttoned my blouse, lowered my camisole down my titties and rolled my nipples between his thumbs and forefingers.

"They're ever so swollen," he drooled. "God, you must really

need seeing to *terribly* badly."

"And what about you?" I said. "It's so big, it's almost up to your belly button! Tell you what, I bought a tube of surgical jelly at Boots this morning. Want to watch me play a dirty game? No staring at my botty while I walk down the hall to fetch my handbag, mind."

Far better than merely ogling the turn of my arse, John escorted me down the corridor with two fingers knuckle-deep up my pussy. I giggled and called him a 'pervert'.

"I'll show you how much of a pervert I am," he said, withdrawing his fingers and pushing me up

I eased my skirt up to reveal I was wearing stockings. Then I asked if he wanted more and he got down on his knees and panted.

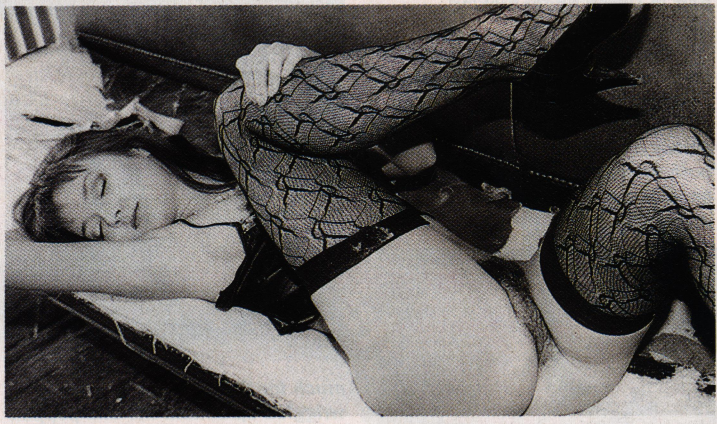
against the wall. He bit my lower lip, then worked his way down to my nipples, then quickly down to my navel and, lower still, to my muff. Standing where I was with my legs apart and my silk drawers hanging off my ankle, all I could see was the top of his head as he sucked and tongue-prodded my fanny – my pink, glistening, obscenely pouting fanny.

Cupping my breasts and squeezing my nipples, I whimpered like a kitten as John thumbed me open – first my outer lips, then my inner – and such was my passion that when I bit my already-bruised lip, I tasted blood.

I turned to face the wall, thrust my bum towards my lover's face and spread my buttocks. I know it was a wicked, *highly* unladylike thing to do, but I wanted him like an animal – a bitch on heat.

"Suck me off!" I panted. "Tongue, fingers, prick – anything!"

But again my lover denied me, getting to his feet, slapping my wet little arse and reminding me of my kinky undertaking *vis-à-vis* a



naughty sex jelly game. I was so dismayed, having that heavenly suck curtailed at the vital moment, I could have cried.

We returned to the living room where I resumed my provocative, everything-on-display pose in the armchair. I uncapped the KY and squeezed an almighty dollop over my hot, throbbing twat.

"Hold me open!" I gasped, as I rubbed it in. "There, doesn't she look lovely for you? Here, let me put some on your prick . . ."

Surely this was the ultimate method of self-abuse – my slippery fingers up my slit and my lover's equally slippery, burgeoning cock in my mouth! I tugged on his balls as he massaged my clit, only too aware that we were both within a minute or two of coming – at best.

"Get over the back of the chair!" demanded John, some urgency in his voice. "I've got to come in you!"

But a lingering screw was out of the question. The very second John's knob teased my cunt-lips apart and slid up inside me, I started to climax.

"Oh, get it up me quickly!" I wailed. "I'm there already!"

Sure enough, no sooner had John's knob ploughed up to the neck of my womb, he gripped my hips to steady himself and let fly a seemingly endless string of sperm.

He crouched over me, puffing and panting and dripping with sweat, until his prick stopped flexing. But 20 minutes later we were at it again, this time in the comfort of the bedroom, Yours Truly writhing around on his cock and getting *very* turned on by the fact that every little detail was being videotaped. Like I said at the beginning, sex with John is like one big game of 'Dare' . . .

Becky, London SE9.

LINGER LONGER

If you've ever taken an admiring peek at the lingerie ads in the fashion magazines, chances are you're already familiar with my slender curves. I've worked with all the leading British, French and Swedish companies – and I'm bored to death with the whole prissy, pissy business. Indeed, if it

wasn't for all the new girlie talent you get to meet in my line of work, I'd jack it in tomorrow and fulfil my life's ambition: to take part in Dutch finger-fucking movies!

Some of the new generation of lingerie models are worse than brain dead. My friend Sheila and I were on a shoot for a famous glossy magazine recently and we both took a fancy to a young hosiery model called Estelle. We gee'd her up that we could get her signed to our model agency – the most exclusive lingerie specialist in London. All she had to do was lick us out . . .

And she fell for it, the idiot bimbo! I took my knickers down and spread my cunt to make it perfectly obvious what was expected of her, but the sight of this gorgeous little tart sucking and slurping on me in just her shoes and stockings was too much for Sheila to take – so she wriggled up behind her and popped her fingers up her quim!

When Estelle (all 18 years of her) wailed and said: "Oh gosh, nobody's ever done that to me before," it was all Sheila and I could manage not to burst out laughing. Sheila squeezed yet another finger up her tight teenage twat and hissed: "Well, it won't be the last, if I've got anything to do with it."

To my untold delight, Estelle really got into her rôle of sex slave/cunnilinguist, slobbering like a slut over my pinned-open fuck-hole. I winked at Sheila and gestured towards her handbag. Pausing from her finger-fucking for as long as it takes to buckle up a harness dildo, Sheila thrust the huge black rubber dick up the would-be superstar's pussy before she knew what was happening.

"Oh my God," she gasped, pausing from her suck, "it's even bigger than my Eric's!"

We finished off that afternoon the most wonderful way imaginable – Estelle plating me from the front and kinky Sheila eating me from behind. No wonder my nipples had swollen to the size of strawberries!

Mandy and I sit around with our legs open and our knickers down, discussing our favourite sex fantasies.

Mind you, she can be a bitch, my Sheila. Every Friday night she fucks an antique dealer, a horrible creep with offices adjoining the Caledonian Rd market. And why? Because she's a size queen and the guy's got a cock the size of the Edison Lighthouse. She lured me round there one night on the promise of loads of and champagne, but all the pair of them were after was getting me stoned and making up a kinky threesome.

When Sheila said: "Go on, Edie, show Gus your naughty knickers," I knew what she was after and, although I hated every second of it, I agreed to undress and masturbate her guy's disgusting cock, first into her mouth, then up her fanny. When he grabbed my tits and said: "Watch all my lovely stuff come out," I felt like puking . . .

The other girl in my life right now is Mandy, the top earning lingerie model in Europe. She comes round my flat on Sundays and we sit around with our legs open and our knickers down, frigging-off and discussing our favourite sex fantasies.

I did about half a pint of spit in Mandy's cunt last Sunday and she called me a dirty little piggy.

"Mind you," she said, feeling me up round the back, "I wouldn't have you any other way."

Edie, Poole, Dorset.

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Strip me naked and have your wicked way with me. 0836 403 648.
Strongest, hottest action on 0836 403 649.

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BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

When my husband's firm sent him on a three-month sabbatical to Australasia back in May, I was dismayed. I've never told him as much, but I'm terribly highly-sexed, and if I don't get well and truly fucked at least once a day, life becomes a misery. I've tried all methods of masturbation, but pricks made of plastic or rubber simply don't 'do it' for me. And, besides, I feel stupid, a fully-grown woman like me trying to get it together with a false prick.

My neighbours Frank and Cathy have been very good to me in Pete's absence. They're forever throwing cocktail and dinner parties – not to mention their legendary Friday night piss-ups.

"Come along tonight and try and put Pete out of your mind for once," said Cathy, over coffee last Friday morning. "My ex-boyfriend, Danny, is coming. You and he would get on like a house on fire. I'll introduce you, if you like – so long as you promise to let me watch."

I blushed and told her not to be so filthy, but Cathy laughed and said: "Who are you trying to kid? We all need a bit of cock now and then. And I know you like yours – all that bloody screaming you make when Pete's up to your belly button . . ."

For once in her life, my naughty neighbour really did have the measure of my taste in men. Danny was really gorgeous. The way his jeans clung to his buttocks – and to his basket, up front – had the women wetting themselves with lust.

I'd gone a bit over the top, all but broadcasting my availability via my tarty black silk stockings and high heels.

My only worry was, I'd gone a bit over the top, all but broadcasting my availability via my tarty black silk stockings and high heels. And Danny had me sussed, the second Cathy introduced him. Ten minutes later, we were looking for a spare bedroom.

Danny held me from behind and ground his crotch into my silky bottom as he kissed my neck. To show my eagerness, I pushed back on to his ever-growing bulge.

"Get your foot up on the bedside table," he whispered. "I bet you look gorgeous with your panties down and your arse and cunt all hanging out."

"Don't be disgusting," I giggled. "Do you think I'm easy or something?"

"I think you're as easy as pissing," he said, crudely. Then, hand up the back of my skirt and tracing the outline of my little lips, he ordered: "Now, just do as you're told!"

If there's one thing makes me moist, it's a man who gets straight to the point. Not knowing what to expect, I slipped out of my skirt and placed my right foot on the bedside table. Crudely, Danny yanked my knickers down around my bottom.

"Christ, some arse!" he drooled. "And a nice plump cunt to match, eh? Feel the weight of this clit and lips! I bet it's taken some prick in its time, eh?"

"No!" I wailed, as he ripped my knickers away and burst my suspender belt. "Have some respect, will you? Oh, you monster, how could you?"

I looked back between my dangling tits to see Danny's thumb up my cunt – so deep up me that his knuckle was obscured by my thick, wiry nest of pubes – while, with his other hand, he fumbled with his zip.

"Cathy used to go mental for this when we were courting," he said, starting to masturbate over the spectacle of my bum and cunt. "Yeah, 'long and thick does the trick,' she used to say – which was nothing compared to the filth she used to spout

during the short strokes."

How vulgar of me! I'd hardly even kissed the guy, yet here he was mauling my derrière more intimately than even my husband would dare – and giving me a right good cocking, to boot. And on the 'size'-front, he wasn't boasting – I've seen smaller cucumbers!

Just when I'd adjusted to his sinew-stretching contours and was starting to enjoy myself, there was a knock at the door. Oh shit . . .

"Fuck off!" bawled Danny, to my dismay. "Shagging in progress!"

"It's me, Cathy!" she hissed. "Open up, you two lovebirds."

The queen of the ball was pissed. Her husband, she said, was unconscious on the kitchen floor, yet there was 'no bloody way' she was going without sex that night.

"Oh my gawd, Lena," she giggled, clocking my dishabille condition, "the bleedin' state of you!"

To Danny's delight – and to my consternation – Cathy bolted the door and stripped down to her undies.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked, catching me gawking. "Never been fucked by two people before?"

"You pigs!" I wailed in dismay. "You set me up!"

"Aye," said Cathy, "but I feel a bit bad about spiking my old man's beer with vodka. Get her on the bed, Danny."

Eyes blazing with lust, Danny knelt between my black-stockinged thighs and pushed my knees up into my bosom. Kneeling beside him, Cathy opened my cunny and guided his huge, lovejuice-trickling knob inside me. But instead of plunging his manhood all the way up me, Danny took a perverse delight in staying put, his sensitive knob enveloped between my labia.

"What are you doing?" I gasped, as Cathy commenced rubbing my clit and tweaking my nipples. "You cunt – you never told me you were bi!"

"Take no notice, pet – she's bloody loving it," cackled Danny. "Wet as a sponge; and so hungry for it, I can feel her tube twitching."

And so my neighbour and her ex set about sucking me, fucking me and generally driving me up the wall. After an hour or more of their undivided sexual attention, I can honestly say I could take no more, having lost count of my orgasms and feeling close to sheer, physical exhaustion.

Pete's due home any day now, but I'm not half as desperate for his return as I was a week or so ago!

Lena, Warrington.

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MY CONFESSION

We all have sexy secrets and erotic fantasies although few of us are fortunate enough to be able to put them into practice. *'My Confession'* is for those impulsive and audacious readers who have dared to do it for real . . .

The sweat glistened on the skin of my swollen boobs as Van pulled his fat, sticky cock from its resting place inside my tight, hot pussy. I closed my eyes and breathed deep, more satisfied than I could ever recall. I had done it, achieved a fantasy I'd never thought possible and all thanks to Julius.

As my 25th year came closer, he must have noticed something amiss about my mood. Perhaps I was being restless, a little more moody than usual. Whatever it was, Julius saw it and it was while we were having dinner, a week before my birthday, that he startled me with his idea.

"Made any plans for next week, Megan?" he asked. I shrugged and looked into his face, detecting a wicked glint in his eyes. He was a good 25 years my senior, but he made a beautiful husband and in the five years we'd been married, he'd always been surprising me. So what had he in mind this time?

"Nothing's really occurred to me," I said. "After all, it's just a birthday, isn't it? It's not as exciting as it used to be."

He shook his head. "Wrong," he said firmly. "Birthdays should be celebrations, special occasions when we do things we'd never do at any other time."

"Like what?" I asked.

"Like indulging in our wildest fantasies," he answered. "Doing all those things you've longed to do, but which you never had either the courage or the chance to carry through."

"You mean sexual fantasies?" I asked him.

Julius nodded. "Exactly," he said. "Everyone has a fantasy that they dream about or masturbate to. What's yours, Megan, my dear?"

I was flustered, unsure of what to say. "I . . . I don't think I have one," was all I could say.

"Of course you do," Julius said. "Perhaps it embarrasses you. You can tell me – I won't be shocked."

"You would," I assured him.

"I won't. What is it? Sex with another woman, perhaps?"

I shook my head. "No, that does nothing for me."

"Domination, then . . . you want to tie a fellow up – or maybe be tied up yourself?"

"Nothing like that," I replied.

"You'd like to have several men all at once?"

My face flushed scarlet and he knew he'd found me out. He chuckled to himself. "If that is your desire, Megan, then so be it. I'm happy to let you do it."

I was confused. "What are you saying, Julius?" I demanded. "I have your blessing?"

He smiled warmly. "You will not forget this birthday, Megan," he said. "I assure you of that."

Of course, when your husband gives his blessing to your making it with a bunch of guys, that's the easy part. The hard part is in arranging the whole thing. First and foremost, I needed men. And no ordinary men; I needed studs, men I'd enjoy making it with. Luckily, the offices of Julius's firm were filled with all manner of hunky guys and I'd had my eye on a few for some months. I'd decided on four being the maximum number of men I could handle at once, so all I had to do was select my studs and tell Julius, who made certain each were given invitations to a party at our flat the following Friday. They'd be there – after all, their jobs depended on it.

Nine o'clock, that Friday night, found me in a state of nerves. Everything was complete, down to the final detail. I was dressed up as sexily as could be, my tightest-fitting dress and, beneath the dress, my finest satin underwear: stockings, garters – the lot. I was going to be fucked harder than ever before and, even though I was nervous, I could still feel my pussy tingling in anticipation.

The doorbell rang and I hurried to open it. There they

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

were: Van, Tony, Eric and Steve, all spruced up in their tuxes and looking like manhood on parade. They seemed a little perturbed to find they were the only guests and even more surprised when I ushered them into the living-room and offered them a drink.

"Where're the others?" Eric asked me.

"Yeah," added Van, "we thought this was a big affair with, like, hundreds of people."

They were going to know soon enough. "Actually, this is a private party, much more intimate," I explained. "Julius is away, so I decided to only invite people I liked."

"Does your husband know?" Tony asked. "We wouldn't want to be doing anything improper."

"It was his idea," I told him. "He said anything I want to do, I can do. And this is what I wanted to do."

"So what *are* we going to do?" asked Steve. "Watch TV?"

I giggled at the thought. "Four guys and one girl," I said, all dreamily. "What do *you* think we should do?"

I could see from the way they exchanged glances that they all had the same idea. "Oh, you mean . . .?" Steve began. "You want us to . . .?"

"Don't you want to?" I asked. "Doesn't the thought turn you on at all? Think of it – the boss's wife, sucking on your big, hard cock. Doesn't that sound good?"

"But there's four of us," said Van. "You want us all?"

"You'd better believe it!" I smiled. "But one at a time, of course!"

"Jesus!" breathed Eric.

They followed meekly as I led them into the huge bedroom. Once inside, I told them all to sit on the bed and not take their eyes off me for a second.

As they watched, I unzipped my dress and let it fall to the floor, leaving me naked save for my underwear. Aware of their eyes burning into me, I unhooked my bra and let my firm tits spill free.

"Like it, fellas?" I asked, caressing my boobs sensuously. "Does this get it good and hard?"

They nodded. "So let me see them," I urged. "Let me see those big stiff cocks of yours all ready to fuck my hot little pussy. Let me see those big balls filled with hot cum. God! Show me, now!"

I was turning myself on with all this lewd talk, my fingers working down the front of my panties and rubbing the damp petals of my slit as I watched the guys strip down. It was perfect! Everything I'd wanted. Four huge rigid pricks, each one different from the next. Van was the biggest – a monster – all of 10 inches long, and thick to match. Steve had a slender, almost delicate cock, while Eric

had the fattest hard-on I'd ever seen. Tony's dick was exquisite in its perfection, one of the most lovely visions of manhood I'd ever laid eyes upon. And they were all mine, to do with whatever I wished. Question was: where to start?

When in doubt, just dive right in – which is just what I decided to do, throwing myself on the bed and pulling my panties up tight to my purple-pink cunny lips and rubbing myself unashamedly before them.

Van and Steve had the idea. Starting at my feet, they kissed the entire length of my stockingclad legs, right up to the expanse of white thigh above the black nylon. I closed my eyes in bliss and felt my panties being gently eased over my arse, and off over my ankles. The next thing startled me: two eager tongues took turns burying themselves in my wet cunt and seemed to fight over which would lick my clit. I'd had many a man go down on me before, but this was exceptional, double the pleasure as those moist tongues lashed over my pussy, fingers parting my lips and tongues driving into my hole as another pair of lips took its turn latching on to my hard clitty and sucked, licked and nibbled at the stiff bud until I was writhing in delight, and feeling Eric and Tony start to knead and fondle my boobs as their lips each drew a rigid nipple into their mouths and sucked hard. It was a tongue-bath gone berserk and small wonder that, after all the waiting and anticipation, I exploded into a screaming orgasm only minutes later. Now I knew these guys understood what a woman wanted.

And what I wanted right then was a mouth full of cock! Falling forward, I lowered my head to Van's massive tool, stretching my lips wide around the huge head and pulling it into my throat. He filled my mouth completely and it was a real struggle not to choke on him, but I managed, rewarded by the moans of pleasure falling from Van's lips as I feasted on his big prick, aware of hands between my thighs, caressing my pussy, teasing my arse. I felt a thick joint rubbing between the cheeks of my bottom. Eric? Tony? Steve? Who cared! It felt fantastic, and even better a moment later as I felt strong hands part the cheeks of my arse as the head of a rigid prick nudged up tight against the moist folds of my twat. My mouth was too full of cock for me to say anything, but words were not needed as I thrust back against that cock and felt it enter me – a

HAPPY

HAPPY

solid spear of flesh drilling into my slippery tunnel, making me feel every inch as I squeezed down on it with my cunny muscles, gripping it tight as it filled my snatch to the hilt.

I was getting it at both ends, my cheeks bulging as I gobbled Van and felt his joint twitch against my tongue; my cunt throbbing as, Eric, I think it was, pounded his heavy shaft back and forth, his fingers clutching underneath and massaging my clitty as he fucked me perfectly, just the way I enjoy it: a solid, thrusting rhythm that heats my pussy nice and slowly, taking me upwards and onwards, all the way to my climax . . .

Which came sooner than I thought – a sudden clutch of intense jolts in my snatch, followed by a searing rush of adrenalin as my body came alive, almost on fire, and my head swam so much I was unprepared for Van's explosion in my mouth, his sperm flooding into my throat, forcing me to keep on swallowing the sticky white cream that gushed so freely from his jerking tool. Oh yes! This was how I'd planned it. I was a cum-crazed nymphomaniac at last; a genuine slut, ready for anything, and then some more!

"C'mon!" I urged Steve, my fingers gripping his shaft as I wiped a small smear of spunk from the corner of my mouth. "C'mon!" I gasped, lowering my head to lick his hugely swollen balls before dragging my tongue up his shaft to tease the tip. Behind me, I heard Eric gasping he was going to cum.

"On my arse!" I hissed. "Cover my backside with it!" Eric wasted no time pulling out of my pussy and lodging his meat between the taut globes of my rear. He groaned and I felt that boiling hot, milky cum spilling on to my buttocks and shooting halfway up my back. I was behaving like a porno queen, a slut on heat. All I craved was hot cock, as much as possible.

As Tony took Eric's place, I fell back so I was riding his beautiful manhood. I could have tantalised my clitty and would have, had Van not decided to do the job for me, lowering his face between my legs and licking my clit intensely. My lips needed another cock to suck on, and when Steve arched his dong towards my face I opened wide and took him in, relishing his taste, different from Van – a meatier, less clean taste, one that I loved as I worked my tongue around his veiny shaft and coated his flesh from base to tip in saliva.

Eric was recovering his hard-on in double-quick time and, of course, I was only too willing to help, pulling him against me and pressing his cock to my bosom, letting him rub the bloated tip against my nipple.

I came again, this time even harder than before, the combination of Van's tongue and Tony's prick more than I could withstand. When I came to, I found myself flat on my back, my ankles around Tony's neck as he screwed me mercilessly, pounding his dick hard into my wet cunt while Eric and Steve kneeled over my face, taking turns jerking themselves into my wide-open, red-lipped mouth from which extended my long tongue, teasing, tickling their fevered meat. If that wasn't enough, then Van straddled my chest, eased his huge stiff-again dong between my boobs and was squeezing them around his length, tit-fucking me with long, hot strokes.

I knew what was coming next: spunk – lots of it. I was ready, I was waiting, I was willing . . .

And I got my just desserts as Steve groaned in lust as the sperm flew from the dilated crown of his cock and gushed into my mouth, hot splashes on my tongue getting even hotter as Eric followed suit, ruining my lipstick as his cream filled my throat . . .

. . . As Van also gave up the fight and, gripping his length, let his cum drench my titties in a succession of jolting spurts that left my boobs layered in his hot cream . . .

. . . As Steve, almost screaming himself hoarse in ecstasy, pulled his erect knob from between the swollen lips of my cunt and pressed it tight against my clit, so I felt the thick wad of his stuff as it gushed from him and sent me into orbit – my ecstasy total, my body feeling like it'd never stop climaxing, like it was going on for ever . . .

But stop it did as stop it had to. Another minute would have been the end of me. However, it wasn't the end of my birthday party – not in the least.

Naturally, after a session like that we needed some rest, but all four of us possessed such powers of recovery that the rest didn't last long. And soon it happened all over again, only this time even wilder – so wild I'm certain I can't write about it.

It was four in the morning, the guys had gone and I was lying on my bed, drained – yet completely at ease – satisfied beyond indulgence.

"How was your party?"

It was Julius, standing at the door clad in a bathrobe.

I smiled. "The best ever," I told him, as he sat down beside me, his robe open, his gorgeous cock already starting to stiffen. I curled my fingers around him and stroked softly.

"Let me tell you all about it," I said.

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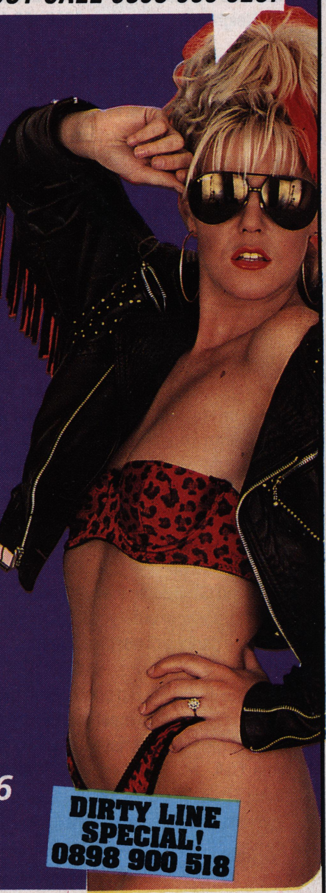

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Horny wife wants to be yours for the day. No time wasters and no fees. Will travel, call 0898 700 368 (A)

Hi, I'll talk dirty to you until you are completely satisfied on 0898 300 819 (C)

I would like to give you a good seeing to with my rod. Screaming delight on 0898 100 432 (B)

Janet (28) 34-22-34. Let me talk dirty on the phone to you one on one for hot action that will make you scream with pleasure. No relationship. No fees at all, call 0898 300 818 (D)

Miss Stern wants to teach you how to be obedient! No fees, just pleasure from the rod-o-nine. Call me on 0898 100 487 (B)

Broadminded couple seek man and woman for group action. Are you interested? Will travel, call us on 0898 300 818 (A)

LIVE SEX RECORDINGS

Treat Me Like A Tart	0898 100 465 (E)
My Hand Will Satisfy	0898 700 367 (C)
Video Vixens	0898 700 387 (A)
Dirty Talk	0898 700 367 (E)
Rubber Clad Girl	0898 700 354 (D)
I Watched My Neighbour	0898 700 354 (A)
Licking Girls	0898 700 367 (B)
Swedish Nymphos Into 'O'	0898 300 811 (C)
Dutch Dykes Together	0898 700 358 (D)
Hot Danish Girls	0898 100 487 (C)
Try The Filipino Way	0898 700 367 (A)
Let Me Slide It In	0898 700 358 (E)
Tart Talks Dirty	0898 700 355 (C)
Playing With My Vibrator	0898 100 449 (B)
Unzip Your Jeans	0898 100 447 (E)

HORNY TALK GIRLS

I'm Jenny And I'm Playing Alone With My Sex Toys	0898 300 816 (E)
My Name's Sue, Let My Mouth Take It All	0898 700 368 (D)
Ring Me And I'll Strip So You Can Take Me	0898 300 817 (A)
Carol And Jane, Two Lesbians Playing With Each Other	0898 300 811 (B)
Why Don't You Let Me Slide It In	0898 700 355 (E)
Let's Do Some Humping And Bumping	0898 700 355 (A)
I'm Diana And I'll Go Down On You	0898 700 368 (C)
Let's Have Some Spanking Pleasure for Both Of Us	0898 300 814 (D)
Randy Mandy Will Lick It And Suck It For You	0898 300 816 (C)
Join Us At A Hot Lesbian Party	0898 700 355 (B)
My Name's Alice And My Fingers Are In My Panties	0898 100 432 (A)
Ring Me, My Hot Pink Lips Are Ready for You	0898 100 465 (A)
Let Me Explain My First Lesbian Experience	0898 300 814 (E)
Ring Tina, I'm Bound To Please	0898 100 465 (D)
I'm Julie And 42D, So Why Don't You Play With Me	0898 100 449 (C)

JACK ALONG RECORDINGS

My First Time	0898 700 387 (D)
Climax With Me	0898 100 465 (C)
Take Me, I'm Ready	0898 300 819 (E)
Oral Satisfaction	0898 300 818 (C)
French Oral	0898 300 819 (A)
Busty Blonde Excites	0898 700 387 (B)
Across The Desk	0898 100 449 (E)
In The Study	0898 100 465 (B)
Whacko	0898 300 817 (D)

SEX GAMES

Using our voice activated sex file system you can play sex games over the phone. All recordings are genuine and all sex acts were actually recorded on our memory bank. What's more, our girls will get you doing some real dirty stuff as well as you doing it to them. So get dialling.

Oral Adventure
(Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready when you play this one) 0898 300 859 (D)

Slime Your Way Through The Erotic Maze
(You just need your wits for this one)

Strip And Bonk 0898 300 820 (B)
(This one has an unusual ending – have a piece of large paper with you, you'll see why)

Force Them To Do It 0898 300 820 (C)
(A domination game special, you can either use a loud voice or do it by tapping the phone with any object) 0898 300 859 (E)

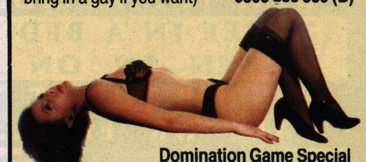
Submission In The Dark
(Just be ready to be told what to do)

Filthy Talk 0898 300 820 (A)
(Prepare yourself for some shocks, you have to get behind her first and when you've done it, she talks dirty (3 girl option) 0898 300 857 (C)

Strange Ways
XXX rated 'bizzare line' game (o.k. for gays and transvestites, if you lose on 'payola' you may hear or have to do some weird things)

Nobble The Virgin 0898 300 820 (E)
(Another bar of soap and cup of warm water special) 0898 300 859 (A)

Wipe Out
(Just get the XXX formula right and you have a choice of three girls to suck you dry) (You can bring in a gay if you want) 0898 300 859 (B)



Domination Game Special
(If possible wear gloves when you play.)

Oral Antics 0898 300 859 (C)
(Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready, when you dial.) 0898 300 820 (D)

Tell The Lesbians What To Do
(The louder you shout the more they do it to each other.) 0898 300 867 (C)

Find The Nympho
(If you can't find her, you get done by a gay.)

Strip Her, Then Have Her 0898 300 867 (A)
(You choose your girl on a sex test first, you can even have a gay.) 0898 300 857 (D)

Strange Ways
(Slime your way through the erotic maze.)

Three Way Wipe Out 0898 300 857 (A)
(If you loose you either get sucked dry, submit to our leather girl or take on three gays.)

Slime The Blonde 0898 300 857 (B)
(Another bar of soap and a cup of warm water special.) 0898 300 867 (D)

Jump The Tart
(If you loose you get a dose and your vitals rot before your eyes.) 0898 300 867 (B)

Fireside Poker
(You have ten poke choices, if you choose the wrong one you have to poke yourself, our girls will tell you how.) 0898 300 857 (E)

CALLS CHARGED AT 33P PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 44P PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES. STG. P.O.BOX 242, LONDON SW15 2RJ.

wives

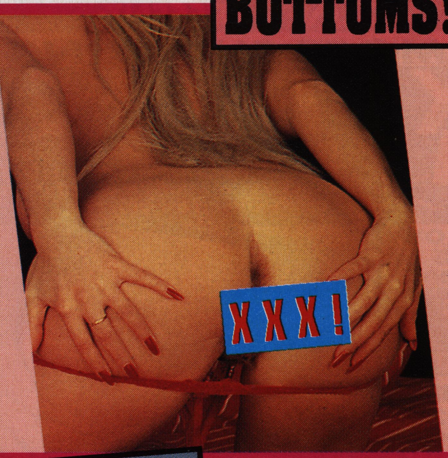
COME IN FOR A QUICK ONE! 0898 224 259

CAUGHT TALKING DIRTY! 0898 224 250
LONELY DESPERATE WIFE! 0898 224 251
COME! & GIVE ME PLEASURE 0898 224 252
WIFE TEACHES YOUNG STUD NEW TRICKS! 0898 224 253
PVC APRON, NO PANTIES! 0898 224 254
WIFE TO WIFE SWAPPING! 0898 224 256
HOUSEWIVES ORGY 0898 224 257
MARRIED SEX MANIAC 0898 224 258

Waiting for you to satisfy my lust! 0898 224 255

BOTTOMS!

rear view raver! 0898 224 260
PERT PERFECT REAR 0898 224 261
back door desire 0898 224 262
BETWEEN MY CHEEKS 0898 224 263
over your knee! 0898 224 264



I'M SALLY, SPANK ME! 0898 224 265
white panties, red cheeks! 0898 224 266
TIGHT PULLED PANTIES 0898 224 267
g-string, full cheeks! 0898 224 268
BOTTOMS UP! 0898 224 269

bad lads...

PINSTRIPE SUIT, LACE PANTIES! 0898 224 270
SHARE MY SEXY CLOTHES! 0898 224 271 NOW!
MALE BRIDE ON 0898 224 272
*WEAR THESE DAMP PANTIES 0898 224 273
HAIRY LEGS IN SILK STOCKINGS 0898 224 274

LET ME DRESS YOU DIRTY!!!!! 0898 224 275
ERIC BECOMES ERICA CALL NOW 0898 224 276
DRESSING UP WITH LINDA ON 0898 224 277
HE WEARS 6" STILETTOS!! ON 0898 224 278
PAINTED LIPS AND NAILS ~ 0898 224 279

HOT SEX TALK ON 0898 300 003!

XXXX!

my pleasure is leather! 0898 777 995

WEAR MY WET PANTIES! 0898 777 996

LET ME STROKE IT 0898 777 998
Then I'll lick my fingers 0898 777 991
MADAME STERN! 0898 777 992
Solo Seduction line 0898 777 993
STICKY IN SEXY SUSPENDERS! 0898 777 994

the girl nextdoor! 0898 777 997

two girls, one VIBRATOR! on 0898 777 999

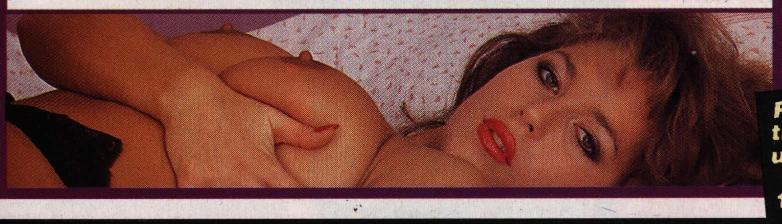
SPANKED RED CHEEKS! 0898 777 998 OOOH!

sex secrets!

SEE-THROUGH NET CURTAINS! 0898 224 280
LINDA LOVES LACE! XXXX!! 0898 224 284
JUICY LUCY'S SEX SECRETS! 0898 224 282

SARAH'S TOY JOY! 0898 224 285
WET & WANTING 0898 224 287
CHERYL'S EXTRA'S 0898 224 286
I'LL DO IT WHILE YOU WATCH! 0898 224 281

ONE NIGHT STAND, I TELL MY SECRETS! 0898 224 283
I DELIVER WHAT OTHERS DON'T! 0898 224 288
TALK NAUGHTY WITH ME NOW! 0898 224 289



YOUR HAND ON MY CROTCH... 0898 224 290
THERE'S ONLY A PHONE BETWEEN US! 0898 224 292
BAD GIRLS COME GOOD 0898 224 293
I'LL DO WHAT THE WIFE WON'T DO! 0898 224 295
MY HUSBAND'S AWAY, COME PLAY! 0898 224 297
I WANT TO GET INTO YOUR PANTS! 0898 224 298
HIGH HEELED FANTASIES! 0898 224 296
FILL MY SEX FANTASIES 0898 224 299

PRIVATE CONVERSATION! 0898 224 294

SEX TALK!

0898 224 291

Reading this in the U.S.A.? Call up the Denmark Dial girlies on 1-900-226-5759!

DENMARK DIAL. PO BOX 272, LONDON, SW11.
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THEIR MOST SHOCKING

SEX LINES

YET!!

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ELECTRIC XXX LINE 0898 777 909

DRESSED TO THRILL 0898 777 912

FRUSTRATED? I CAN HELP 0898 777 908

SECRET T.V DESIRES 0898 777 914

HOT,WET PUSSY ACTION 0898 777 904

TOUCH MY LARGE BREASTS 0898 777 913

OLDER WOMAN LIKES IT FAST AND FURIOUS! 0898 777 911

2 GIRLS, 1 VIBRATOR 0898 777 902

PRIVATE CONVERSATIONS... CALL FOR YOURS NOW! ON 0 8 9 8 7 7 7 9 0 3

BUSTY BLONDE LIKES IT ROUGH 0898 777 910

Tell me what you are doing to me! Dial 0898 777 901

SIT ME ON IT 0898 777 906

FOR THAT X-TRA SPECIAL RELIEF! 0898 777 907

cream in my cleavage 0898 777 905

P.O. BOX 272, LONDON SW11. CALLS ARE CHARGED AT 33p PER MIN. CHEAP RATE, 44p ALL OTHER TIMES. D/1/1/C.

SCAN SEX SYSTEMS, P.O.BOX 272, LONDON SW11.

SCAN SEX SPECIAL!

DIRTY DRESSING UP 0898 884 314

THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE 0898 884 303

Only for very experienced men! on 0898 884 309

WHITE PANTIES, FLUSHED CHEEKS! 0898 884 310

Me and my dirty books! 0898 884 306

I WILL REVEAL ALL 0898 884 308

My panties in your pocket... 0898 884 300

OVER MY DESK! XXXX CALL 0898 884 301

Let me tell you what to do to it on 0898 884 312

SHE TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING I KNOW 0898 884 302

I want it the hard way... 0898 884 313

DIRTY XXX DIAL IN 0898 884 305

I'm open all hours! Just call 0898 884 311

LINDA LOVES LACE! 0898 884 304

Fanny FiNGERS Listen to her! 0898 884 307

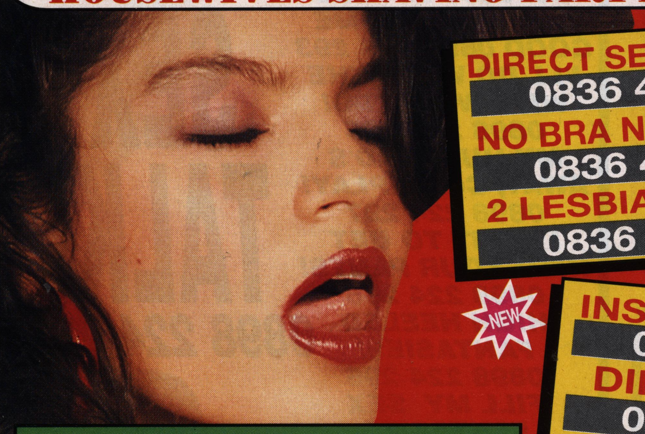
CALLS CHARGED AT 33p PER MIN. CHEAP RATE, 44p ALL OTHER TIMES. B/1/1/C.

LONELY WIFE WANTS SEX 0836 404 448

HOUSEWIVES SHAVING PARTY 0836 404 493

MY TONGUE WILL TEASE 0836 402 354

I'M ACHING FOR YOU 0836 404 482



DIRECT SEX CONTACTS 0836 404 491

NO BRA NO KNICKERS 0836 404 459

2 LESBIANS 1 STUD 0836 404 451

UNDO MY BRA 0836 402 361

NEW

INSIDE MY PANTIES 0836 402 353

DIRTY SEX TALK 0836 402 398

MY LEGS ARE OPEN 0836 402 350

BLACK SILK PANTIES 0836 402 390

DIAL ME & WE'LL DO IT 0836 402 395

CALLERS FIRST TIME SEX EXPERIENCES 0836 405 555 NEW

BIG BREASTS PERT BUM 0836 404 456

JILL (18) STRIPS BETTY (19) 0836 404 460

After 9 PM SEX Action 0836 400180

After 12 PM Explicit Action 0836 400130

After 2 AM SEX Talk 0836 400160

2 GIRL SPANK 0836 402 391

SKIRT UP PANTIES DOWN 0836 402 392

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EXTREME CLOSE-UP

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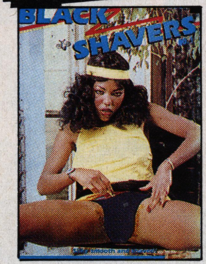
ALL NEW MAGAZINES HOT OFF THE PRESSES

MEGA SEX MAG PACK – Sex Imports



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These beauties love to get it all off. A nice prickly brush encourages lots of soaping; then it's scrape, scrape until the full lipped mount is revealed for your pleasure.

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Rubber lipped, slant-eyed fannies reveal some of the best opening for years. What you could do to these Asian girls doesn't bear thinking about.

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ALL 4 FOR ONLY £11.95

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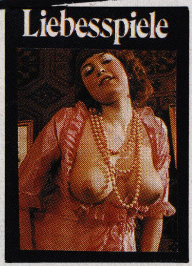
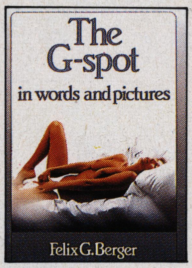


LIEBESSPIELE (Love Games)
Packed with beautiful couples screwing in every position, outdoors, on the beach, on a boat, by the pool, on the rooftop, in the bath and in the barn – a real humping book.

HEISSE LIEBE (Hot Love)
More beauties with well hung studs demonstrate their favourite positions; it's endless sex that never ends.



THE G-SPOT (in words and pictures)
Page after page that demonstrates in words and pictures how to enjoy the G-Spot vibrator. See the ecstacy on the girls' faces.

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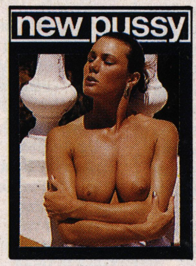
HIGH CLASS 7
One girl taken by three guys. How Laura's big tits bounce when Guntha screws her from behind and the groping sex orgy.



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1. CALLERS WELCOME AT THE OUTLETS LISTED BELOW
2. COMPLETE & POST THE COUPON

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Calls charged at 33p a minute cheap rate, 44p a minute at all other times.

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- Oral Pleasure 0898 442 218
- In My Mouth 0898 442 219
- All The Way 0898 442 220
- My Tongue Around It 0898 442 221
- I'll Swallow It 0898 442 223

GIRLS TOGETHER

- Lesbian Oral Action 0898 442 224
- Games and Special Toys 0898 442 225
- Shower Lust 0898 442 226
- Sixty Nine Girls 0898 442 227
- Lesbian Fantasies 0898 442 228
- Down On Each Other 0898 442 229

TAKE THAT!

- Spanked Till Satisfied 0898 442 230
- On My Lap 0898 442 231
- I'm Linda, I'm Naughty 0898 442 232
- My Hand, Your Cheeks 0898 442 233
- Bend Over, Take That 0898 442 234
- Smack My Bottom 0898 442 235

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- Dressed To Please 0898 442 236
- Swapping With The Wife 0898 442 237
- T.V. In Soho 0898 442 238
- In Front Of The Mirror 0898 442 239

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- Striptease For You 0898 442 241
- Mini Skirt & Stockings 0898 442 243
- Silk Stockings & Suspenders 0898 442 245
- Wet T Shirt 0898 442 246
- Bra Busting 42D 0898 442 247

SPECIALS

- You've Been Naughty 0898 442 248
- Stocks & Bonds 0898 442 249
- My Neighbour Joined In 0898 442 456
- Nympho Housewife 0898 442 257
- Play With Me 0898 442 258
- Treated Like A Slave 0898 442 259
- My Hand Will Satisfy 0898 442 260
- Video Vixens 0898 442 261
- Dirty Talk 0898 442 262
- Rubber Clad Girl 0898 442 263
- I Watched My Neighbour 0898 442 264
- Licking Girls 0898 442 265

CONTINENTAL

- Swedish Nymphos Into 'O' 0898 442 266
- Dutch Dykes Together 0898 442 267
- Hot Danish Girls 0898 442 268
- Try The Filipino Way 0898 442 269

PERSONAL PLEASURE

- Let Me Slide It In 0898 442 270
- Tart Talks Dirty 0898 442 271
- Playing With My Vibrator 0898 442 272
- Unzip Your Jeans 0898 442 273
- Lesbian First Time 0898 442 274
- Climax With Me 0898 442 275
- Take Me, I'm Ready 0898 442 276
- Oral Satisfaction 0898 442 277
- French Oral 0898 442 278
- Busty Blonde Excites 0898 442 279

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- Across The Desk 0898 442 235
- In The Study 0898 442 234
- Whacko 0898 442 233
- Naughty Girl Comes Clean 0898 442 232
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- After The Game 0898 362 682

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- Throb In My Throat 0898 442 221
- Wicked Tongue 0898 442 220
- My Mouth Is Open 0898 442 219
- Deep Throat 0898 442 218
- Tongue Tied 0898 442 217

HOT ACTION

- Wild Lesbians At It 0898 442 280
- A Good Hard Spank 0898 442 281
- Hand Relief 0898 442 282
- In My Knickers 0898 442 283
- Randy Housewife 0898 442 284
- Just Seventeen 0898 442 285
- Restrained Pleasure 0898 442 588
- Boobs For You 0898 442 589
- Mistress Will Do Anything 0898 442 590
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- My Knickers Are Down 0898 442 597
- Let Me Make It Grow 0898 442 598
- Wet Dreams 0898 442 162
- Girls Strap it On 0898 442 164
- Dirty Talker 0898 442 194
- Shaved & Ready 0898 362 679
- It Watched My Neighbour 0898 362 680
- Come With Me 0898 362 681

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- Mens Talk 0898 362 675
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- Frustrated Wife 0898 442 284
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- Spanked Till Satisfied 0898 442 281
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- Playing With Myself 0898 442 272
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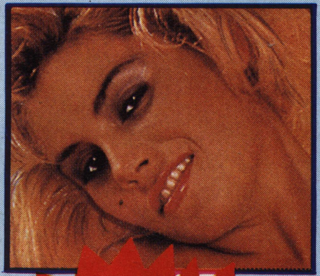

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blah!

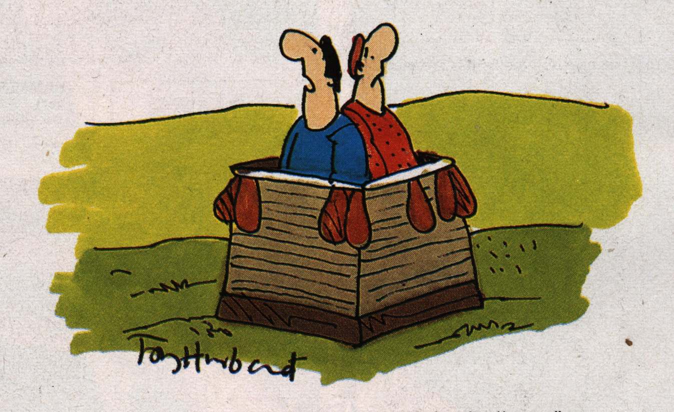
continued from page10

hot! It was Mexican food, and it certainly made me understand why the Mexicans are all trying to cross the border into the US. The poor buggers are after some decent grub! But I had a bed for the night and a woman for the night and seemed well set up in a beautiful house. And I hadn't been robbed, either. The only trouble I had was with my stomach. That food made me shit! On the pan almost half the night, I was! But I didn't mind. I knew I'd beaten the city slickers at their own game by cleverly concealing my money up my . . . Oh!

H.K., Corby.

I lost my erection and she pulled my soft dick through the bars and started to suck and lick me. Disaster! I got an immediate erection, which was trapped between the bars so painfully that the blood kept flowing into my cock and couldn't escape. It swelled up huge and purple and I thought it was going to burst. She had to throw a bucket of cold water over me to get it down.

The next day I went to a locksmith, but he said there were so many combinations and the lock was so cleverly designed that it might take 20 years to crack it. Well, I knew Giselle wasn't going to wait 20 years. In fact, the poor girl seemed unlikely to last 20 minutes. I had to wank her off



"Oh! Some bastard's pinched the balloon."

Never mind – at least you didn't get robbed. – Ed.

The Chastity Question

Sir: I won't bore you with all the details, but the fact is that after a big sex scandal last year, my wife agreed to take me back so long as I wore a chastity belt. I said OK, as she is very rich and famous and I have no money and hate to work. To keep my sports cars and my yacht I thought it would be a small hardship to wear a little grill around my cock and balls. Besides, I guessed I'd easily find a way of picking the lock.

Of course, I soon found myself a new mistress – a girl with immense sexual appetite, which is how I like my women. But what of the chastity belt?

We tried to make love the night we met, but we couldn't get it off. She tried to bite it off with her teeth, she was so frustrated. Then, in desperation, we waited until three times in the car on the way home, she was so horny. Later, I went to a garage, but they found the metal was of a special type that hardened as you tried to cut it, and was laminated with some plastic to make it impossible to remove. He said he could burn it off, but my cock and balls would come off with it!

We were in despair. We had the perfect opportunity for a great evening of sex because my wife was appearing on TV and wouldn't be back until the next day, but there I was – locked up! That's when I got my brilliant idea. She was appearing on a quiz show and I knew the director. I rang him up and he agreed to help.

So we watched my wife answering questions on TV. She was good, and enjoying herself, until she was asked: "What is the combination of

continued on page 98

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THROBBING SEX ACTION

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Hand up my skirt	0836 403745
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Erect nipples	0836 403747
Vibrator action	0836 403748
Make me moan	0836 403749
Doggy fashion	0836 403750
Sticky climax	0836 403751
Under my skirt	0836 403752
Sarah sucks	0836 403753
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Spank me	0836 403755
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My hand is ready	0836 403759
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SEX slave needed. 0898 884131.

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ORAL sex. 0898 884137.

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PULL my knickers down. 0898 884141.

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0836 402892
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BIG MAN WANTED	0836 402 132
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blah!

continued fom page 94

your husband's chastity belt?" She blurted it out automatically and then realised what she'd done. "Oh shit, you bastard!" she said. Ten seconds later I was giving Giselle the pent-up passion of three days right before her eyes! Ha!

P.L.,
London W14.

As you are now, we assume, safely under lock and key again, you might mention to Giselle that the Editor will gladly keep her satisfied until your wife next appears on a quiz show. Chastity belts don't work with me. My wife tried it but one flick of my enormous erection broke it asunder and sent it spinning across the room.

Dick Grabber

Sir: My girlfriends and I work for a publishing company which produces some of the most sophisticated magazines on the market. We enjoy our work, especially since the magazine production has become computerised.

The only thing that we dislike about the job is our Managing Director – a fat, bald old brute who always has to feel the girls' bottoms, try and look up your skirt and push past you in the corridor so you can feel your nipples rippling over the row of pens he keeps in his top pocket. He makes sexual advances to everyone here, but Louise, who was drunk enough to take her knickers down for him, says it was over so quick he didn't need to get his trousers off!

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So, sir, we know you're reading this. And we also know who'll be looking at our lovely set of intimate pictures of you if you don't keep your pudgy hands to yourself. A little extra money for the girls in the art room will show us you understand.

The Girls,
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